Saturday Review

of Literature

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"The Empire and the Glory" by Fletcher Pratt (See page 11)

Defoe—An Island and a Plague

By LOUIS KRONENBERGER

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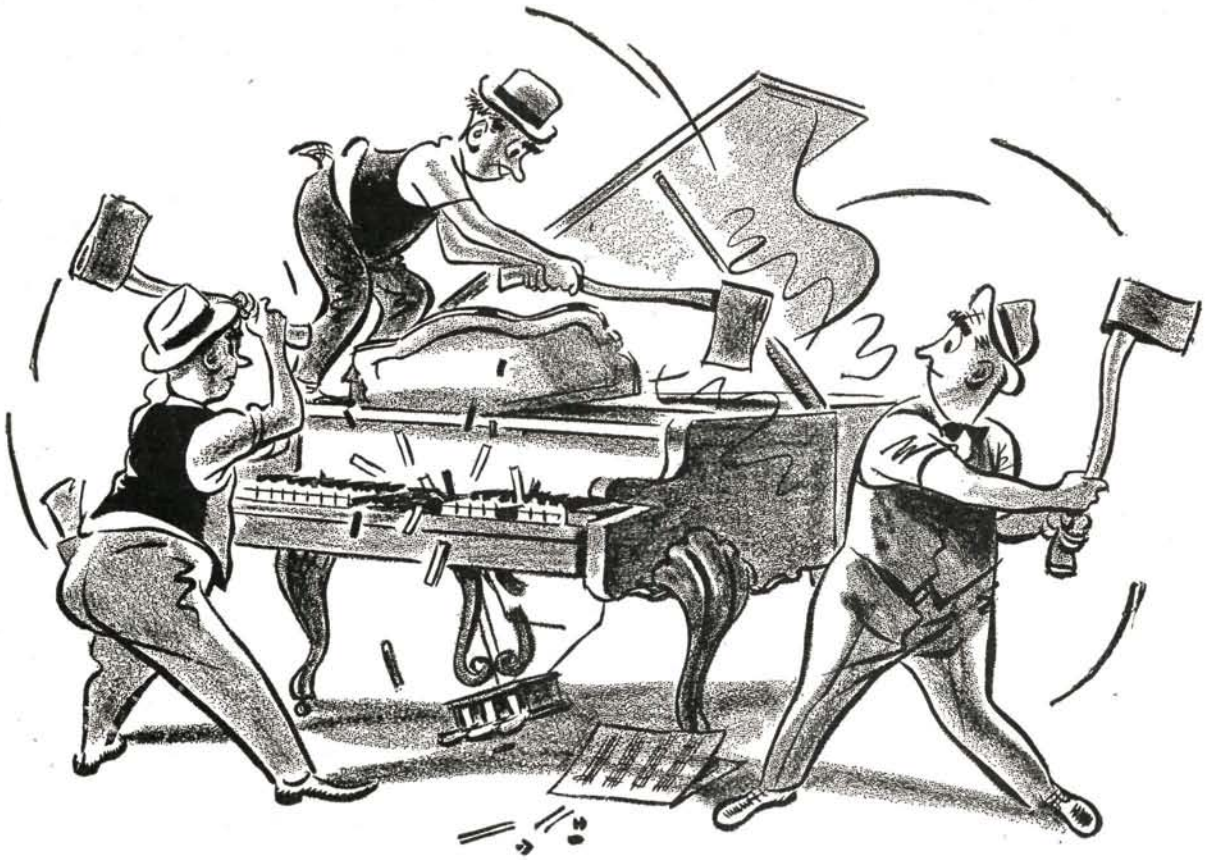

How to tune a piano!

The piano's out of tune. So we'll chop it up. Then we'll get a tin horn instead.

Sure, these men are crazy.

But they're using the same kind of thinking a lot of people have been using on the American economic system lately.

Our American way isn't perfect. We still have our ups and downs of prices and jobs. We'll have to change that. But even so, our system works a lot better than the second-rate substitutes being peddled by some countries we could mention.

It works better because of a few simple things. We are more inventive, and we know how to use machine power to produce more goods at lower cost. We have more skilled workers than any other country. We believe in collective bargaining and enjoy its benefits. And we Americans save—and our savings go into new tools, new plants, new and better machines.

Because of this, we produce more every working hour . . . and can *buy* more goods with an hour's work than any other people in the world.

We can make the system work *even better*, too: by *all* of us working *together* to turn out more for every hour we work—through better machines and methods, more power, greater skills, and by sharing the benefits through higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours.

It's a *good* system. It can be made *better*. And even now it beats anything that any other country in the world has to offer.

So—*let's tune it up, not chop it down.*

Want to help? Mail this!

I want to help.

I know that higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours and larger earnings can all result from producing more goods for every hour all of us work.

Therefore, I will ask myself how I can work more effectively every hour I am on the job, whether I am an employee, an employer, a professional man or a farmer.

I will encourage those things which help us produce more and add to everyone's prosperity—things like greater use of mechanical power, better machines, better distribution and better collective bargaining.

I will boost the good things in our set-up, and help to get rid of the bad.

I will try to learn all I can about why it is that Americans have more of the good things of life.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Miracle of America," which explains clearly and simply, how a still better living can be had for all, if we all work together.

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Explosive, Contagious Idea

YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD. By James Keller. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1948. 243 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE title of this book makes it sound like one of those things high on the nonfiction best-seller lists which pander to the worries of the semi-literate, but leave the rest, illiterate and literate, cold and unmoved. Coming to it unprepared, the unsuspecting reader might well be excused for thinking he had before him another of the answer books to the hows of all the impotencies to which man is heir.

Actually it is much more than that, and even much less. It is naive, insouciant, repetitious, and all the other things readers are apt to call writing which is disorganized and amateurish. But it has something which can make it epic—a simple, explosive, contagious idea. And if ideas are as important as we have been taught to believe, this one may in truth "change the world." To be sure, the idea is not new. Others than St. Paul have phrased the familiar advice to the Romans, "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good." Yet it seems that the obvious and the familiar must be rediscovered in every new context that is formed.

In brief, Father James Keller has discovered for himself what everyone knows, that Communists, Fascists, and other wicked or misguided fishes in the troubled waters of chaotic social relations comprise less than one per cent of the population of the United States. He has put this simple truth in italics, adding that if another one per cent of our population were as devoted to the democratic and Hebraic-Christian ideal as the first is to their opposite, the fundamental decency of the majority would triumph. As the author develops this notion, it takes on some of the simplicity of a chain letter, and some of the potentiality of chain fission.

Men and women who would challenge the ungodly through an active apostleship of democracy can become Christophers, a loosely organized band which is more a movement than a group. All one needs to become a Christopher is the determination to combat by example and by action the claims and principles of the anti-democratic materialists. So this is a kind of handbook pointing out by illustration the thousands of ways this can be done. Taking a leaf out of the Communists' book, the author urges Christophers to seek particularly ways of working in the four main fields of ideas, education, government, labor-management, and writing.

The Christopher movement is a fitting attempt to recapture from the Communists the sense of consecration and apostleship which they would seem to have taken from an earlier Christianity. As befits the cause of individual worth and dignity, it has no truck with iron discipline or party line. It merely asks its followers to live according to their principles and to use their talents in positive, everyday situations to the end that others will do the same.

Most written discussions of democracy vs. totalitarianism, of materialism vs. immaterialism are on abstract levels. The gap between the concrete and the philosophic inevitably is too great to do more than ponder. Since we respond most readily to clear and simple calls, maybe this is one which will accomplish more than sophisticated flourishes. "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness," Father Keller likes to quote. Thomas Merton in his spiritual autobiography says, "People have no idea what one saint can do: for sanctity is stronger than the whole of hell." If this is so, and one per cent of humanity should shift from selfish defense to unselfish offense, there still may be time.

James Keller—"misguided fish comprise less than one per cent of the population."

WE HAVE BEEN HOPING THAT SOMEONE WOULD SAY THIS AND NOW THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE HAS SAID IT! The above review by William S. Lynch, superintendent of schools at Fall River, Massachusetts, is as honest an evaluation as any publisher or any reader could ask for. That YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD! does have something which can make it epic is strikingly evident in the demand for the book—three large printings in less than three weeks after publication, 75,000 copies to date.

Newspaper editors, columnists, radio commentators have singled out this book for special mention because it does have something of vital importance to say to everyone who believes that the world can be changed for the better and wants to do something about it.

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TRADE Winds

1948 HAS FADED INTO HISTORY without the wholesale demise of book publishing houses that had been predicted. Reynal & Hitchcock was combined with Harcourt, Brace, the trade book department of Henry Holt was emasculated (although the Holt college text division is said to have earned bigger profits than ever before), and a couple of one-horse forlorn hopes faded quietly from view. All the other established firms remain present and accounted for, even if one or two must still be addressed at Teetering-on-the-Brink. Wise managements used 1948 to put their houses in order. Those inane large cocktail parties, costing thousands and accomplishing nothing, are a thing of the past; advertising budgets have been trimmed drastically; top executives have rolled up their sleeves and gone back to work.

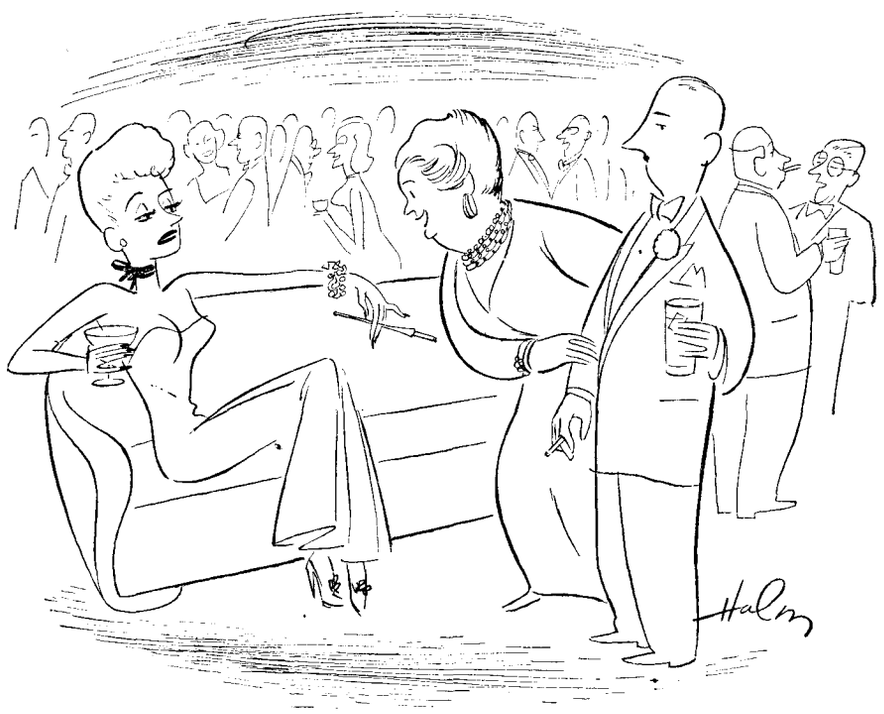
1949 SHOULD BE a profitable year, if costs and overhead can be pegged near present levels, if lists can be held down (there is still too much trash being published), and if the promise of several "big" books on the horizon is fulfilled. The last few months of 1948 saw a sharp upturn in quality, with class entries like "Roosevelt and Hopkins," "Crusade in Europe," "The Young Lions," and "No Place to Hide," and a new wowser by the phenomenal Lloyd Douglas, bringing new or long-missing customers back into the shops. One late entry, "The St. Nicholas Anthology," amazed even its publishers by selling 40,000 copies in a month. I know, because we were the publishers. Obviously, customers will pay $4 or more for a book—if the contents appeal to them sufficiently. . . .

IT IS A SHORT-SIGHTED publisher indeed, in my opinion, who will attempt to cut costs by reducing the general royalty rate of his authors. Authors are caught in an inflationary spiral like everybody else, and, with the exception of a handful of white-haired boys, can ill afford to have already inadequate incomes shaved still further. If authors are willing to cooperate with their publishers to the extent of a ten-per-cent cut in important subsidiary rights like motion pictures and radio (giving the publishers a chance to participate to some extent at least in unexpected windfalls), I see no reason why publishers cannot reciprocate and pay essentially the same royalties as they have in the past.

This is purely a personal opinion, and many publishers and agents disagree violently with me. I continue to maintain, however, that a publisher makes an important contribution to the value to Hollywood (and radio and television) of every successful novel, and is clearly entitled to a ten-per-cent share of such proceeds. If that point were conceded universally, a lot of the trouble besetting the industry would be cleared away, not to mention the bickering that now holds up the signing of many contracts. . . .

PRELIMINARY REPORTS from bookstores indicate that most of them either met the previous year's figures, or missed them by less than ten per cent. A number of handsome new shops were opened throughout the country, notably Paul Elder's in San Francisco, the Methodist Bookstore in Kansas City, Dufour's in Philadelphia, and additions to the expanding Doubleday chain on Fifth Avenue and in Detroit. . . . The long guerrilla warfare between retail booksellers and the book clubs showed signs of a peaceful solution, though when I suggested at the ABA convention that this might be brought about without running for outside assistance to Washington, at least one hot-headed gentleman was ready to bite off my ear. . . . Some of the major book clubs' selections for the year, by the way, struck me as at least a thousand miles off the beam. . . . General Eisenhower's "capital gains" deal on "Crusade in Europe," followed by similar (but sure to be challenged) attempts in radio, had a dozen big authors consulting their lawyers to see if they could do likewise. . . . Sexy and spurious historical novels, at long last, hit the chutes. . . . Hard-cover reprints were the greatest casualty of 1945, a best-selling reprint, at about $1.49, sometimes sold over a quarter of a million copies. In 1948, it was lucky to hit 25,000. . . .

THE ONE BRANCH of the publishing business that enjoyed a real boom was the relatively new paper-back quarter books. Recovered from a slump superinduced by over-production and unrealistic selection of titles, publishers of twenty-five-cent books upped their 1948 output to approximately 135 million volumes—over double the figure for 1945. The sales by classifications disclose revealing trends. Mysteries still ran first, with sales of thirty-five million copies, but they actually were down a million from their 1945 total, accounting for less than twenty-six per cent of the 1948 sale, as against almost fifty-five per cent in 1945. Westerns had the biggest gain—from two million to twenty-four! So-called "risqué" titles were up from one million to twenty million. (In case anybody wishes to protest this figure, I have the statistics to prove it.) Light romances rose from three million to eleven, direct movie tie-ups from relatively nothing to seven million, sport subjects from one million to four



"Look who I've found for *you*. This is Mr. Crumbine, whose book was banned."

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"The master-key to the Russian enigma.

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Lenin

"Most complete and authoritative biography of the founder of the Soviet dictatorship yet written. . . . —*Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times.*

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million. You may be surprised to learn that established best sellers accounted for only five million of the 1945 sales, and only nine million in 1948. The remaining twenty-five million quarter books sold in 1948 came from miscellaneous sources. . . .

IN A SINGLE MONTH this fall, distributors figure that over twelve million quarter books were shipped by the publishers, divided roughly as follows: Pocket Books, 3,500,000; Bantam, 3,000,000; Signet, 1,500,000; Avon, 1,250,000; Dell, 1,200,000; Popular, 1,100,000; miscellaneous, about a half million. . . . Profits remain infinitesimal in comparison to the volume, and publishers insist that the present royalty rate of one cent a copy for the first 150,000 and a cent and a half thereafter, cannot be increased. They also point out with much justice that they are reviving dozens of titles that were dead and buried in the higher-priced brackets. . . . Nevertheless, the quarter-book lads have fared so much better than their brethren in other classifications that new combinations are threatening to enter the field, and some of the smaller producers already present promise more titles per month and bigger printings. The leaders try to disguise their trappings of gold, and pray that too many books won't spoil the cloth. . . .

JUVENILE BOOK PUBLISHING is enjoying flush times, too. Joe Estabrook, of the Joseph Horne Company in Pittsburgh, and one of the great bookmen of our day, estimates that juveniles now account for twenty-two per cent of the total volume in book departments of the Associated Merchandising chain. . . . The trend to lower-priced juveniles continues. Simon & Schuster's superb Golden Books have blanketed the quarter field, but they will have at least a little competition in the year to come. . . .

THE NET EARNINGS of the magazine publishers are tobogganing. Of twenty-five queried by the *Wall Street Journal*, fifteen admitted they made less in 1948 than in 1947. Walter D. Fuller, president of the mighty Curtis organization, said: "Every indication points to continued higher costs for the magazine industry in 1949—and I wish someone would tell me where the money to meet these increases is coming from." . . . The most discouraging aspect of the situation is that the drop is occurring when circulation figures and advertising rates are at an all-time high. *Life* is close to five and a half million copies a week—almost double what it was on the eve of Pearl Harbor. The *Ladies' Home Journal* and

the *Satevepost* are not far behind. *Look* is nudging the three million mark; *Good Housekeeping* and *Collier's* are beyond it. The domestic and foreign circulation of *Reader's Digest* has reached the incredible mark of fifteen million. . . . As for advertising rates, a color page in *Life* now sells for $24,500 (the production costs usually add two or three thousand more). A black and white page in *The Saturday Evening Post* fetches $11,200. The next stop is in the stratosphere—unless paper and printing costs go down. Mr. Fuller admits, "We've about squeezed the orange dry over the past few years on economizing schemes." . . . Prewar seasonal trends again govern monthly sales of magazines. A peak is reached in March. Then a decline sets in which reaches bottom in July and August. In September the chart heads upward again, with a minor setback in December. . . . Quarter-book sales have followed the trend of magazines more and more closely in recent months. . . .

IN CASE THESE STATISTICS have bored you to distraction, let me close on a cheerier note with the story of the worried publisher who phoned his attorneys, the Messrs. Shapiro, Shapiro, Shapiro, & Shapiro. The conversation went as follows:

"Hello. I'd like to talk to Mr. Shapiro."

"I'm sorry, but he's in court arguing a big case."

"Oh. Then I'll talk to Mr. Shapiro."

"I'm sorry, but he's tied up in conference with an important client."

"Oh. Then connect me with Mr. Shapiro."

"I'm sorry, but he's taken the day off to play golf."

"Oh. Then I'll talk with Mr. Shapiro."

"*Speaking.*"

—Bennett Cerf.

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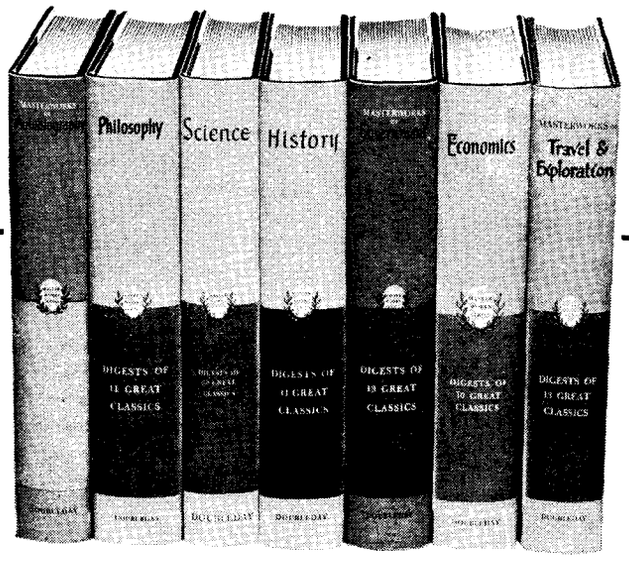

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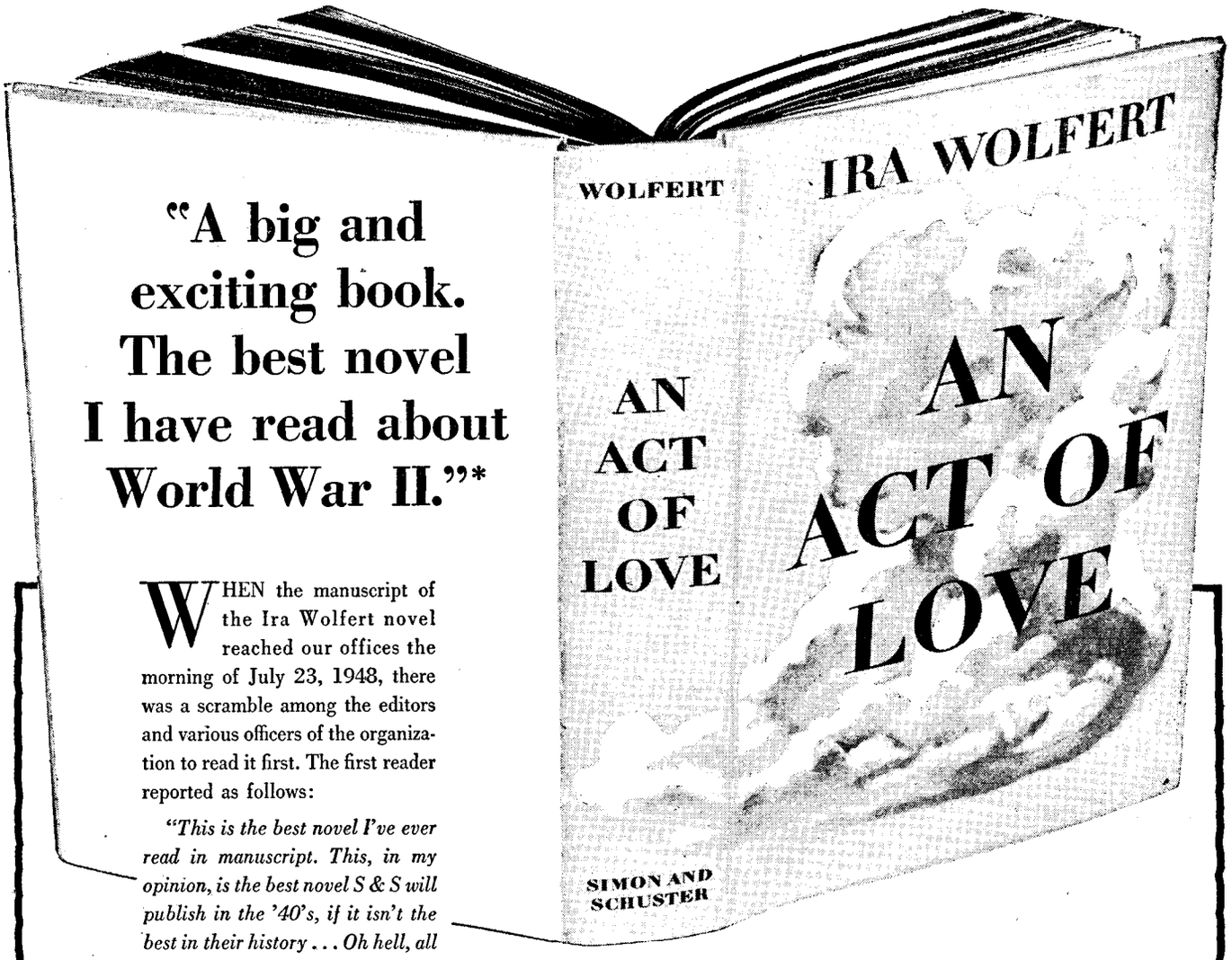

"A big and exciting book. The best novel I have read about World War II."*

WHEN the manuscript of the Ira Wolfert novel reached our offices the morning of July 23, 1948, there was a scramble among the editors and various officers of the organization to read it first. The first reader reported as follows:

"This is the best novel I've ever read in manuscript. This, in my opinion, is the best novel S & S will publish in the '40's, if it isn't the best in their history . . . Oh hell, all I want to say is that it's wonderful, colorful, unforgettable writing and I'm damn glad to see S & S get this. I'm going out and buy a copy of Tucker's People."—DKC

This delighted us, of course, but we've had good reports on books before, so we waited for news from reader number two. This is what he had to say:

"DKC has already put the proper evaluation on this novel. It is surely the first great novel about the war, and will probably take its place as one of the three or four great American novels of the 1940's."—TLC

All of which sounded mighty pleasant and mighty extravagant. With fingers crossed, we sent out advance copies just five-and-a-half weeks ago. Here are some of the first comments:

NEWSWEEK: "A novel that may well rate as one of the finest works of fiction to come out of the second World War. It is one of the best pieces of writing and thinking on the huge subject of man and conflict . . . 'The Naked and the Dead' was fine reportage, better as such than as a novel. 'An Act of Love' is a return to the tradition of novel writing. From a literary standpoint it is a surprise and a success."

***JOSEPH BARNES,** Editor, N. Y. Star: "Not only the best novel I have yet read about World War II; what is more important is that it is a novel about modern man which approaches in scale the immensity of the problems which face us. It is a big and exciting book."

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ANGUS CAMERON, Editor-in-Chief, Little Brown & Co.: "Reading 'An Act of Love' is not just a matter of sharing the powerful and disturbing and passionate world in which the characters live; actually what one does is to discover new levels of perception in oneself."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "It is good to read a novel so pervaded by deep compassion and — there is no other word for it—loving-kindness. It is also good, very good, to read a book in which war is the vanquished enemy, and which enunciates so clearly the dignity of man."

AN ACT OF LOVE by Ira Wolfert, author of *Tucker's People*
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Defoe—An Island and a Plague

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

—*Mary Morris.*
Louis Kronenberger

AMONG the world's great writers, scarcely any has cared so much about expediency, has been so philistien and calculating in his methods as Daniel Defoe; and yet none, in a sense, has calculated so badly. For though his works of fiction run to sixteen solid volumes, to the world at large he is simply and solely the author of "Robinson Crusoe." The rays of that blinding sun have quite extinguished even such brilliant stars as "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana" and "A Journal of the Plague Year." But that is hardly the worst of it. To the world at large, "Robinson Crusoe," however celebrated, is not a book for men but a book for boys; lore, not literature. It is something that everybody has read, though perhaps not everybody can remember reading it; it is, or was until recently, as much a part of boyhood as the slingshot and the circus. But it can hardly be said to rank with the indispensable, or with even the most popular, novels for grown-ups. The reason why—or, better yet, the instinct why—is easy to grasp. If one is not a sentimentalist, one may well wonder whether even the very greatest of boys' books will constitute an exhilarating experience for men. And if one is a sentimentalist, one may wonder whether anything one loved so much in childhood should be touched, tampered with, reexamined—how can it help letting one down?

Well, one can only speak for oneself; but when some years ago I went back to "Robinson Crusoe," I was enthralled. I'm sure it helped that I went back rather expecting to be disappointed, as it may hinder if, after reading this essay, you pick up the book expecting to be instantly dazzled. But I doubt whether it helped, and I doubt whether it can hinder, much. I can understand (though not easily) anyone quitting the story before Crusoe gets shipwrecked on the island, or again after Crusoe sails away from it. And I can understand (quite easily) anyone who should impatiently toss aside the succeeding volume of Crusoe's adventures—because I have twice done that myself. But in "Robinson Crusoe" itself, so long as Robinson is held fast on the island, so long must the reader be too. For just that long, he is in the presence of a masterpiece, and of what might almost be declared a miracle: for a situation that has, in itself, an intense and universal lure is somehow handled exactly as it should be. The only thing that for me has the same kind of magnetism as the island section of "Robinson Crusoe" is the piloting chapters of "Life on the Mississippi." In both we are offered what might be called a discourse on method; and in the plain utilitarian details of both there is something immensely romantic, something that fires our youth, and then long after rekindles it.

For however grim and disconsolate the situation of a man all alone on an island, who ever saw Crusoe there in any such light? So far from making his hero tragic, Defoe makes us—or at least the eternal boy in us—not pity but envy him. Crusoe is not only monarch of all he surveys; but by virtue of his experiences and his predicament he acquires for us something like the rank of a mighty hunter or a great explorer. What were in truth quite back-breaking obstacles are time and again made to seem like glorious opportunities; he is no realist who pursues "Crusoe" as realism. This is no poor devil who while under sentence, as it were, of solitary confinement must also forage for food and beware of cannibals. This, rather, is a man with a whole island for a toy, who may build him as many residences and pleasuredoms as he fancies, and trek lordlike through his own forests and sail along his coasts and herd his goats and harvest his crops and ransack the ship for plunder. There is something of the morning of the world about it all; yet together with the unspotted opportunities of the first man, Crusoe has all the ingrained skill and knowledge of many generations of Britons. Hence, singlehanded, he converts a rough-hewn Eden into a rough-hewn England. From one point of view, it is odd that we should find all this romantic; for Crusoe's stubborn resistance to the call of the wild is so outside Nature that it could only be believed of something so equally outside Nature as the trueborn Englishman. We can be very glad of this, however. For it would need a rather diseased taste to enjoy watching Robinson sink to the level of the brute and perhaps below it; whereas there is a healthy and creative satisfaction in watching him turn his island into a tidy Little England.

Daniel Defoe—"to the world simply and solely the author of 'Robinson Crusoe'."

Which brings us to something stranger still—the fact that Crusoe's story is so intensely interesting only because Crusoe himself is so incredibly dull. But then, to do what he did

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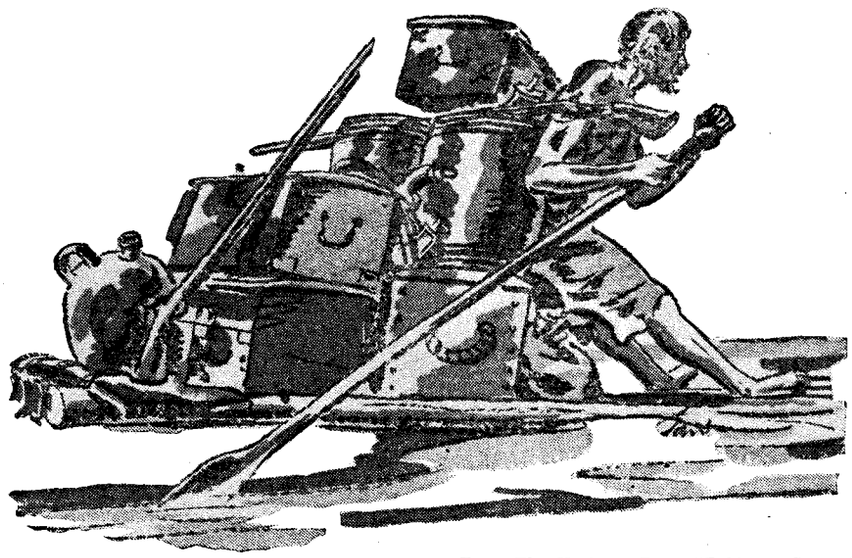

—*From The Heritage Press "Robinson Crusoe."*

he had to be what he was; to make a second England he had to believe fanatically in the first; not to go mad at the end he had to be a trifle mad from the outset; in the midst of abounding self-pity he had to be sustained by consuming self-interest; even God had to be a sort of Magnate with whom, in effect, a lesser businessman could bargain. Of all the great heroes of fiction, Crusoe is surely the one who would have bored us the most in the flesh. With me, indeed, it is a nice point whether I should prefer to be shipwrecked, as he was, alone; or with him alone for company. He has no humor, no charm, no sensibility, no reach of mind, no grace of perception. Dickens truly remarked that "Crusoe" is the one great novel that never calls forth either laughter or tears. Robinson is smug, he is crass, he is—like Defoe himself—hypocritical in grain. But if he contains almost everything that is arid and coarse in the British character, he exemplifies, as well, everything that is admirable. He is plucky, sturdy, self-reliant, practical, imperturbable—the very essence of that race that thinks it unmanly to grumble and ungentlemanly to gloat.

Others have noted how cleverly Defoe allowed Crusoe just enough in the way of equipment and fodder and tools for him at the outset to stay alive, and in the course of time to be made comfortable. And to a nicety too, I would add, Defoe has contrived when total solitude shall cease. For at length the point is reached where Robinson has achieved as much in the way of civilization as he finds possible, or we find fun; it is the point where, in a commoner run of novel, the hero after long and arduous struggle has made his pile and is ready for a mate. Defoe cannot in the circumstances offer Crusoe a mate; and he need not—a companion, for the reader at any rate, does quite as well. So lo! there appears in the sand that single footprint which is still, after two centuries, more dramatic and thrilling than all the fingerprints in the very best whodunits; and presently there appears on the scene that savage who is still, after two centuries, the most famous of all servants. Once he has Friday to educate, Crusoe can embark on his great secondary English role; having contrived all by himself a Little England, he turns Friday all by himself into a Little India. After that, and a round of skirmishing with cannibals, it is permitted to sail for home.

AFTER that, there are further adventures, of course—as there had been a whole slew of them before the shipwreck. But the picaresque parts of the book, though lively, are no part of the miracle; the miracle belongs to the island, where neither Crusoe nor Defoe can go astray, nor Robinson be ever anywhere but at home. And this is of enormous help to a teller of stories who is absolutely incapable of constructing a genuine plot. Defoe can invent endlessly, but hardly integrate at all; one thing does not come out of another, it merely comes after it. The artistic shortcomings, the essential discontinuity of such a method are obvious; and it can be truthfully maintained that Defoe's genius most expands where his geography least does—in the island parts of "Crusoe," and in the "Plague Year." For these two works have something of the concentration of interest, the intensive force that distinguish the novel from the tale, and the work of art from the mere irruption of talent. On the other hand, by the singularity of their subject-matter, they have had not the slightest influence on the serious novel itself; whereas "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana" have probably had a good deal.

No doubt there is much to say of the exotic fascination of "Robinson Crusoe"; of the oppressive sense of danger and appalling sense of solitude; of the flora and fauna, the parrots and cats. But this side of the story counted much more for me in boyhood than it does now. What lures me on is much less the creepiness of the island noises at midnight than tomorrow's straightforward effort to build a fence or bake a pot; the given A and B, how to contrive C; the given A, B, and C, how to bring off D—straight on to ampersand. This marvelous resourcefulness on Crusoe's part, this determination to wrest comfort out of chaos, this transforming a wilderness into a one-man state, in which he is both architect and builder, husbandman and housewife, management and labor, commoner and king, awakens in us a very delighted response. But of course "Crusoe" does have much also in the way of thrills and suspense—consider the blood-curdling encounter with the wolves; and it is the greatest of all boys' books because it is about equally compounded of derring-do and "Do and Dare," the adventure yarn and the Alger story. Accordingly, this dullard that one would in real life run screaming from has caught and forever held the imagination of mankind.

"A Journal of the Plague Year," is artistically, Defoe's least faulty production. It is the story of just one thing, a plague; and it is confined to just one spot, Greater London. Hence nothing else of Defoe's has a like unity of theme and development; and I think nothing else has quite as much or as marvelous factuality, or knack for making what is fictitious seem genuine.

Of this particular quality Defoe—as who is not aware—had more than any other writer that ever lived; he is by general consent the great master of the convincing detail, the plausible contradiction, the effective irrelevancy, the bright, bland testimony, the true-sounding lie. No one else has ever been so crafty about appearing so honest; one reason why we believe what Defoe tells us is that much of it isn't worth being told; but of course the triviality is the essence of the trick. So again is the extraordinary specificness. Emerson said that Swift—who had much of Defoe's genius for prosaic detail—always described his characters as though for the police: the "Plague Year" impresses you as written for the College of Medicine or the Board of Health. It has the look of something to be used for reference

(*Continued on page* 35)

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History. *The differing opinions about the nature of history mirrored in Professor Gershoy's review of Fletcher Pratt's "The Empire and the Glory" (see below) suggest that Clio is a many-sided muse with something to beguile every man. Besides the drama and color she discloses in Pratt's volume, Clio shows two of her other fascinations in books reviewed this week: the nostalgia of the faintly remembered past featured in the newest "Album of American History," and the sleuth-like pleasures of ratiocination revealed in Frank Maloy Anderson's "Mystery of a 'Public Man'." Even the least historically minded will get from Anderson's book some notion as to why historical researchers willingly give up whole weeks of their leisure, dig into their pockets for train fares, hotel bills, and typing fees, knowing they may never receive a cent of royalty for their efforts.*

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Napoleon, Consul and Emperor

THE EMPIRE AND THE GLORY: Napoleon Bonaparte 1800-1806. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1949. 535 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LEO GERSHOY

IT HAS been argued for some time that the way for twentieth-century historians to improve on their nineteenth-century forerunners is to cultivate "the new history." Mr. Pratt, who has written a considerable amount of history, suggests that they might do well to return to the old history. Not forward with James Harvey Robinson and cultural anthropology, but back to Livy and the story. Manifestly, there is room in the field for the followers of both, provided they are good followers; and in this instance the mantle of the Roman falls nicely on the American.

In fact, in this, the third of his volumes on the Napoleonic days, Mr. Pratt has written a remarkably interesting and readable story. He creates atmosphere—or what is more difficult, recreates it. With a fine eye and ear for effect he focuses his narrative on the great crises; and he arranges his dramatis personae on the stage with skill and verve. To an old, almost overly familiar story, the years of Napoleon's glory as consul and young Emperor, he brings the talents of a novelist or biographer—and those of an unusually lucid writer on military affairs. And not only the gifts of the man of letters. Though he goes to some effort not to disclose his excellent scholarship, the body of his learning is both seen and sensed under the literary adornment, and that revelation too is far from displeasing to this professional eye.

A professional historian indeed could venture to challenge, not the author's competence, but some of his interpretations of character or motivation, and some of the distribution of emphasis. Studies have been written in which the profoundly antidemocratic character of Napoleon's career has been less slurred in favor of the great man's dionysiac efficiency. The very talkative and not altogether admirable liberals, *e.g.*, Constant, Mme. de Stael, have fared better elsewhere. Perhaps the disorders of the unhappy pre-Brumaire days are less than stated, and does not Mr. Pratt's sense of the dramatic lead him astray when he states that (circa 1800) "all the old machinery in France had been wrecked by the Revolution—not only the political machinery but every device that makes human relations possible"? This rings about as authoritatively as some Republican campaign strictures on the New Deal. These are old quarrels among the *aficionados* of the period, whether Napoleon salvaged what was legitimate in the Revolution, as Goethe maintained, and many another after him, or whether the great conquistador was not also a great anti-Revolutionary heel. They need not touch the author too deeply. Mr. Pratt can rest on his laurels of presenting his point of view with force and color, and not infrequently with charming wit.

Where he invites more searching criticism, it seems, is in his idea of history. Granted that there is substance to his charge that the academic historians with their fetish for facts, accuracy, and "the so-called impartial" point of view, and with their neglect of characterization, climax, dramatic unity, and the interest of the reader, have made themselves hard to read, or at least to read with pleasure. Naturally, an academic historian would wish some refining of the observation. But that is not the point.

The point is whether Mr. Pratt's remedy for the ailment will by itself help. Skilful presentation and selecting material so that one starts with a beginning and works his way to a recognizable termination is admirable counsel. It would not harm scholars to strive for literary effectiveness. But history, without spurning story, is also study. It is inquiry and research. To split it down the middle and oppose its literary aspects, almost contrast

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them, to its other attributes, is as bad as having it the other way round. If one's idea of history is basically story, one runs the risk of ending up with a story that is not history; as Mr. Pratt, who certainly does not fall into this pit and requires no lessons on this score, of course knows. Not all the stuff of history can be subordinated to or fused with effective story telling, not even when worked over by the most veteran and skilled hand.

Mr. Pratt has, with skill, woven together the great climaxes—the drafting of the Code, the coronation, the dramatic military campaigns—with the vagaries of individuals, family intrigues, and the like; in insinuating with unobtrusive deftness that there was something important, perhaps institutionally decisive, in those developments. But it would be illuminating to know whether the reader is as instructed as entertained, whether this brilliant book has also answered fundamental questions that make up the history of Napoleon, of Napoleon and France, and of Napoleon and Europe. The answers are there in the text; but it may be that the reader would have to use the index to get at them.

Leo Gershoy, visiting professor of history at Columbia, is author of "From Despotism to Revolution," as well as numerous articles on the Napoleonic period.

The Way We Were from 1893 to 1918

ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Vol. IV. End of An Era. Edited by James Truslow Adams, R. V. Coleman, Joseph G. E. Hopkins, and Atkinson Dymock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 385 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

GIMBELS, down in Philadelphia, installed an escalator in 1900. Macy's put one in in 1902. In the early Nineties the telephone people were running paid ads to get customers into booths, where "appointments may be made, and conversations held, giving all the advantages of a personal interview." New York garment workers went on a sit-down strike in 1896. Ping pong (no hyphen) was imported from England in 1901. In 1903 "the first American drama in motion pictures" was shown. It was called "The Great Train Robbery." I saw it in 1903, and it was a darned good picture. I saw it a second time at the Library of Congress in 1943, and it was still a darned good picture.

This man-size volume is the fourth and terminal unit in a notable series. Here is America from 1893 to 1918 in well-selected, intelligently captioned reproductions of contemporary photographs, drawings, posters, advertisements, newspaper headlines. The period opened and closed with a Democrat in the White House; Republicans filled the long interval. And through nearly all of that period rang the silver voice of William Jennings Bryan.

—*From the book.*

Fatty Arbuckle, king of movie comedians (circa 1916), shows his subtle comedy technique.

It was an era of awakened social consciousness. Give Bryan credit for some of that. That awakening is abundantly reflected in the pictures of the period. There is one picture in this book which I wish the editors had omitted, but for my soul's good I am glad they didn't. It shows a boy of twelve, at most, going to work in a Virginia glass factory; he worked sixty hours a week. Opponents of child labor used this photograph as propaganda in 1912. Of course, the kid may have been a child model, or he may own the factory today and long for the good old days of child labor.

This fourth volume of the "Album" series is, no fault of the editors, the one for the laughs. Cicero in a toga is not funny, Franklin in knee breeches is not funny, but grandpa in a hard hat is, for some reason, funny. Antiquity is never ridiculous, but day before yesterday always is.

A large share of the hundreds of photographs in this volume came from collections of state and local historical societies around the country, and thereby provide excellent samples of the sort of material that is being gathered and treasured by these groups. Obviously many of them are doing an admirable job. Members of local societies would do well to study this volume with a view to assembling similar collections in their own communities. The stuff is there; it needs only enthusiasm and persistence to dig it out.

THE AUTHOR: Fletcher Pratt, a bantam-sized, bearded fellow fond of plaid shirts, asserts that "a good deal of history is written wrong, because it is told from a fixed point of view." In his Napoleonic series (spanning 1795-1806 so far) the first book, "Road to Empire," presented the French position; "Empire and the Sea" had a British slant; "The Empire and the Glory," illustrated by Inga Pratt, supports Napoleon. The next will pick up events from the German standpoint, and for the last he may switch to the Russian. Emotions will have to die down before a like job can be done on World War II. "It's going to be awfully difficult to try to justify Adolf Hitler!" Among more than two score books since 1934 he has written biographies of the Army, Navy, and Marines and tackled U.S. history in "The Heroic Years" and "Ordeal by Fire" (all American-angled). He was Naval war correspondent in Iceland, Bermuda, the Caribbean, Pacific, and South Atlantic, has been military expert for various dailies and *Time*, not to say *SRL*, but is "waiting for somebody smarter than I" to predict the future. People everywhere play his Naval War Game and plague him about disputed points. Robeson Bailey collaborates with him on cook books; L. Sprague de Camp on fantasy (look for "The Castle of Iron"). Discounting any remarkable productivity, he notes that he has been free-lancing since 1923, when he quit newspaper work. He just sits at a large desk cluttered with ship models and whittlings and writes from 8:30 or 9:00 A. M. until cocktail time. When the number of guests for the evening is calculable, he plans dinner. About fifteen squeaking marmosets fill his study with the scratching of tiny toenails and an exotic scent. Yes, they distract him. It saves floor-pacing for inspiration, he says, slipping them some Ritz crackers.

—R. G.

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End of a Seventy Years' Manhunt

THE MYSTERY OF "A PUBLIC MAN": A Historical Detective Story. By Frank Maloy Anderson. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1948. 256 *pp.* $3.75.

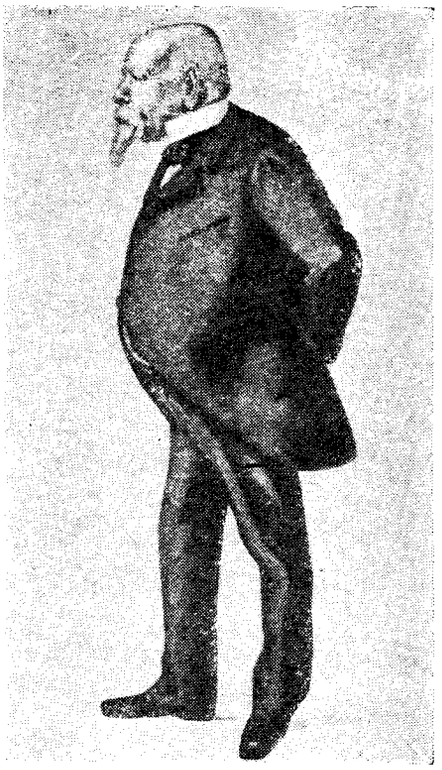
Reviewed by J. G. RANDALL

WHEN in 1879 the *North American Review* published "The Diary of a Public Man," there began a long-standing mystery in American historiography. Covering the critical period from December 28, 1860, to March 15, 1861, this "Diary" has been accepted and frequently quoted, partly for the fatefulness of the period, but even more for the richness of the narrative. The anonymous "Diarist" reported talking with Lincoln as President-elect twice and as President once. The record rolled on in stately and lively paragraphs, giving precisely the vivid details which add spice to the historian's pages. To have a diary so quotable, yet untraceable as to authorship, has posed a challenge, a puzzle, and a "natural" to students in historical technique. One scholar after another has tried without success to solve the mystery.

Where others admitted they had no answer, Frank Maloy Anderson, Dartmouth professor and well-known historian, persisted. Taking his time (thirty-five years), avoiding premature publication, marshaling his clues, searching corners near and remote, elaborately examining manuscripts and newspapers of the period, not neglecting railroad timetables and hotel registers, and carrying on steadily as hypotheses came and went, Mr. Anderson made himself the incomparable authority on this subject.

In the vigor and clarity of his book we have each incident of the chase unfolded step by step from the beginning, through tentative avenues, down to the goal, of which other investigators had despaired. Every scrap of internal evidence was considered and eighteen tests were set up; the "Public Man" of the "Diary" —if genuine—had to qualify as to all eighteen. Various suspects, though "plausible" in the early stages of the investigation, in the full analysis proved impossible.

Authorship, however, was tied to authenticity. Suppose the "Diary" was not genuine. There were suspicious elements. A surprising number of persons mentioned in the record had died by 1879; often there was a dash for a name; entries were vague; recorded "interviews" were hard to believe; Lincoln's wearing of "huge *black* kid gloves" at the opera in New York was uncorroborated; so it was with many other details. Putting these elements together, and doubting that an actual diary would be so finished and readable, Mr. Anderson concluded that the document was not what it purported to be; it was not a genuine diary kept at the time. In this phase of his study, indeed throughout the whole difficult investigation, he showed himself a master of historical detection.



—*Courtesy New York Public Library.*

***The* "Public Man"—"who was he? . . . suspense is of the essence. . ."**

The situation now called for a new set of tests for a different unknown—*e. g.*, a man who could have concocted this journal, so interesting in itself and so skilfully constructed with a view to acceptance. No ordinary forger could have done it. He must have been a man of particular talents and opportunities, which could be listed and numbered. Searching for "a Public Man," Mr. Anderson found a fabricator, though there seemed to be a nucleus of a genuine diary to begin with, and though there remained the chance that the author could have had assistance in the final product. He found his man, who had been previously uncaught and unsuspected. The fascinating details by which he locates and presents this 1879 contributor to the *North American Review* form the climax of the book. Who was he? He tells you convincingly, but suspense is of the essence. Read the book. You shouldn't miss it.

J. G. Randall, professor of history at the University of Illinois, is author of "Lincoln the President."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

COVER GIRLS—AND BOYS

Harriet Tomsen, of Topeka, Kansas, offers a list of thirty-three authors who have had the distinction of being on the cover of *The Saturday Review* during 1947 or 1948. Can you name their new books which caused them to be thus honored? Allowing three points for each title you recall, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty-one or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. Hervey Allen
2. Van Wyck Brooks
3. John Horne Burns
4. Roger Butterfield
5. Winston S. Churchill
6. Mary Colum
7. Louise Field Cooper
8. Charles P. Curtis, Jr.
9. Josephus Daniels
10. Herbert Vere Evatt
11. Lion Feuchtwanger
12. John Fischer
13. Louis Fischer
14. John Gunther
15. Louis M. Hacker
16. Sir Samuel Hoare
17. Agnes Newton Keith
18. Sinclair Lewis
19. Malcolm Lowry
20. Norman Mailer
21. Thomas Mann
22. Warren Moscow
23. Nancy Wilson Ross
24. Natalie Anderson Scott
25. Upton Sinclair
26. Betty Smith
27. John Steinbeck
28. Fritz Sternberg
29. Carl Van Doren
30. Evelyn Waugh
31. Sumner Welles
32. Rebecca West
33. Thornton Wilder

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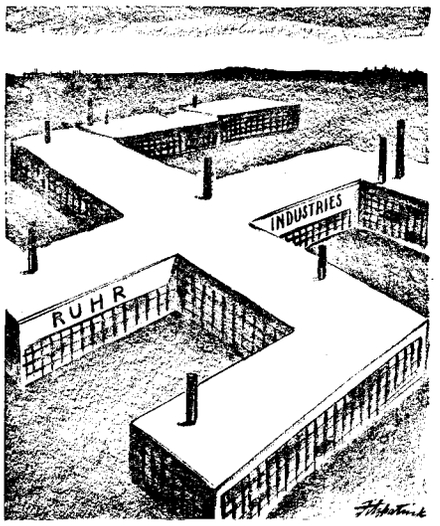
The World.

What are we going to do with Germany and Japan, the countries our armed might humbled only three years ago and which our troops still occupy? It is a question even the most intrepid American hesitates to answer, although he realizes that every moment of delay is fraught with peril. Food for answers to the problem is offered in three volumes reviewed here. In "The Embers Still Burn" Ira A. Hirschmann reports polemically on what he saw in Occupied Germany, while in "Father Land" Dr. Bertram Schaffner dispassionately analyzes the fundamental group in German life, the family. Lucy Herndon Crockett's "Popcorn on the Ginza" is a lighter, more feminine view of Occupied Japan. . . . Turning to Russia, in "The Land of Milk and Honey," W. L. White tells the story of Vasii Klovtov, a Russian refugee to America, a book reminiscent of Victor Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom."



—*Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"Back to the Old Pattern?"

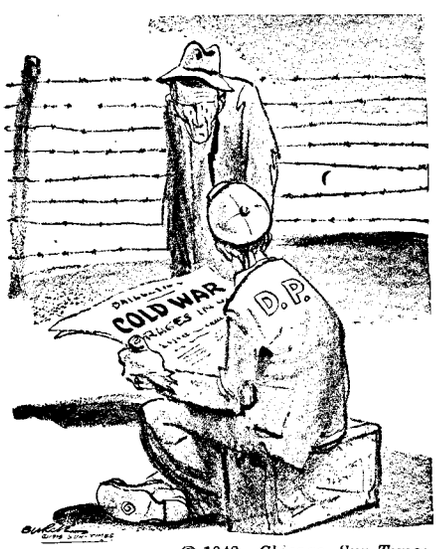
UNRRA, DP's, and the AMG

THE EMBERS STILL BURN. By Ira A. Hirschmann. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1949. 272 *pp.* $3.

FATHER LAND: A Study of Authoritarianism in the German Family. By Bertram Schaffner, M.D. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 203 *pp.* $3.25.

Reviewed by SAUL K. PADOVER

BOTH of these books deal with Germany in about the same period —1946—and they are both disheartening. Yet no serious student of world affairs can afford to miss either of them. Each, in its way, is a valuable contribution to the subject. Hirschmann writes with the indignation of an honest citizen who is outraged by rottenness and injustice, of which he saw plenty in Central Europe. Dr. Schaffner presents his case with the quiet and detached temperament of a trained scientist, which he is.



—© 1948, *Chicago Sun-Times.*

"Maybe we're better off here."

Hirschmann's story is that of the DP's in Germany and his hero, in so far as his book has a hero, is the late Fiorello La Guardia, the wonderful little fighting mayor of New York who became director of UNRRA. It was La Guardia who sent Hirschmann to Europe as his special deputy to look into the UNRRA situation, particularly in regard to the Displaced Persons. Fiorello, with his keen instincts, had smelled the proverbial rodent, and he wanted his friend Hirschmann to report to him what was really what in the UNRRA camps. Hirschmann saw and heard enough to make him burn with anger.

Everywhere he found that General Eisenhower's splendid order concerning the treatment of Displaced Persons, especially such victims of Nazism as the Jews, was being almost consistently violated or ignored. Everywhere he observed the beginnings of the cold war with Russia, the drift toward a soft treatment of Germans and Fascist refugees, and indifference or outright hostility to the DP's. Jewish refugees, in particular, were being treated with decreasing sympathy, often with outright hatred. This was true despite such genuinely humanitarian officers as General McNarney, who admitted to Hirschmann sadly: "The Jews have certainly gotten short shrift. I only marvel that they have behaved so well under such difficult conditions."

Perhaps the most important part of "The Embers Still Burn" is the light it throws on British policy, and particularly on UNRRA's director in Germany, British General "Freddie" Morgan. A gentleman of undoubted charm, Morgan lived in ducal splendor in a castle far removed, geographically and in every other way, from the wretched DP's, about whom he knew little and cared less. For his insensitivity, not to mention anti-Semitism, "Freddie" was finally kicked out by La Guardia.

Hirschmann has some vivid scenes describing Morgan's castle—the horror he felt when, after returning from an inspection of the heartrending D. P. camps, he was lavishly entertained in the British General's luxurious "court." The contrast was too bizarre, too brutal. In various conversations with Morgan, Hirschmann made the discovery so well known to Americans who dealt with the British during the war—that an English officer or official, no matter what his position or assignment, serves the British Empire first, last, and all the time. DP camps and problems were merely incidents, and annoying incidents at that, in Morgan's political career. He was in Germany primarily as a servant of British policy; UNRRA was secondary, as he admitted in a cable to La Guardia. Morgan was merely carrying out London's policy of playing with the Fascists, especially the Anders Poles, and the Nazis. Hirschmann quotes him as already being at war with Moscow. "Hirschmann," General Morgan said, "to all intents and purposes we are at war with Russia now. You don't have to have shooting to have a war. This time the Germans will be on *our* side. And this time our plan will work."

"The Embers Still Burn" contains also revealing information about American policy in Germany. Hirschmann was there about the time when Secretary of State Byrnes suddenly inaugurated the cold war with Russia, which meant the rebuilding of Hitler's ruined land. As early as 1946 American Military Government was already determined to stop denazification and to reconstruct Germany as a strong power. High American offi-

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cers, including men like Generals Clay and McNarney, told this repeatedly to Hirschmann. "My orders," General Clay said to him in Berlin, "are to reconstitute the German economy without delay."

If such orders were given, the American people are certainly entitled to know by whom, why, and for what purpose. The whole German situation has long been overripe for a thorough Congressional investigation. For it is no secret that the Germans have not changed one whit, that Nazism is still very much alive—and may soon be triumphant again, if our policy continues. "Fascism," Hirschmann observes, "is not buried beneath these ruins. *The embers still burn.*"

This is a most readable book, and greatly worth reading, for conscience's sake, for peace's sake.

Dr. Schaffner's "Father Land," a strikingly correct title, by the way, belongs to a different category from "The Embers Still Burn." Schaffner is neither political nor polemical. In this book he is essentially a scientific reporter, recording a number of remarkable experiments carried on among a select group of Germans. This is the story of Military Government's Information Control Division's famous Screening Center, which for the first time in history, attempted to find out, by means of objective and scientific criteria, *who* was a Nazi and *what* made a Nazi The Center was headed by Dr. David M. Levy, the distinguished psychiatrist, who devised a series of elaborate, subtle, and almost foolproof tests. Dr. Schaffner was one of the participating psychiatrists in the experiments. When I visited the Center in Bavaria, in 1946, Schaffner was then an Army Major.

Among the numerous tests given to the German candidates for public-information positions, perhaps the most revealing was the one that required the filling in of incomplete sentences For example: "*A mother who interferes when a father is punishing his son, is* ———." Is what? Well, an authoritarian-minded German will naturally, and inevitably, reply something like this: ". . . is a foolish woman who should be taught her place." Questions of this type, checked and controlled by various other tests, shed a flood of illumination on the German mind.

"Father Land" contains the essence of these findings, and includes about eighty pages of appendices: technical data, questionnaires, etc. Using the Screening Center's materials and results, Schaffner is able to trace the sources of German authoritarianism in a way that is both lucid and fair. He shows the inner workings of the German family, the upbringing of children, the relative position of men and women, the values and patterns of behavior inculcated since childhood. His analysis of the inferior position of German women, both in the family circle and vis-à-vis the husband, is one of the shrewdest ever made. This cool report, I have no hesitation in saying, is far and away the best book on Germany that has been written in many years. And, in its implications, it is perhaps the most important.

Saul K. Padover served as an intelligence officer in Europe with the U. S. Army during the war and in 1946 made a special mission to Germany for the War Department.

Apostate in America

THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY. By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 312 pp. $3.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

W. L. WHITE is a writer of fluctuating achievement. In "They Were Expendable" he proved himself a sensitive recorder of other people's emotions under stress of crisis. In his two "Reports," on the Russians and the Germans, he was a superficial and frequently unreliable reporter, little concerned to understand the countries he portrayed in the perspective of their particular historical development.

In the present volume, which recounts the story of a young Russian who, in the words of the jacket, "escapes to another world," White has again found a theme of human experience which obviously moves him. While some of his account is tritely fictionized, notably in Vasili's encounters with Galya, the love of his adolescence, on the whole the tale he tells rings true. Moreover, by setting down both the bad and the good, the lights as well as the shadows of the Soviet picture, White gives his book a genuineness of feeling that was lacking in Kravchenko's comparable reminiscences of life in the USSR.

His purpose in presenting the experience of Vasili Kotov, an airplane engineer brought up entirely under the Soviet system who after the war escaped to the United States, is, as stated in the preface, to make Americans understand "this new Soviet generation of which he [Vasili] is a part, what it hopes for and what it fears." In listening to Vasili, White has discovered many similarities between Russians and Americans; and he does not hesitate to see, through the eyes of his young friend, the defects of American, as well as Russian, society.

It may be captious to suggest that he could have made a greater contribution to American understanding of Russia if at some point he had explained that the USSR, in spite of all the efforts at industrialization deployed during the past quarter of a century, is still about fifty or sixty years behind the United States, and that comparisons between political, economic, and social conditions in the two countries are therefore in many instances not only misleading, but actually meaningless. To give only two examples: Vasili expresses wide-eyed amazement at New York stores, whose windows are crammed with food and other consumer goods, as compared with the bare shelves of Moscow stores. Similar amazement has been registered by visitors from traditionally democratic lands like Britain, where shortages are due not to Soviet dictatorship, but to the unpleasant fact that wars do deplete national resources. Vasili expresses surprise, too, at the stock of farm machinery with which a New Jersey farmer of Russian origin tills his property, contrasting this situation with the paucity of farm equipment mustered even by the government machine and tractor stations in the USSR. Is this a result of ideological opposition to machinery by the Soviet Government—or of Russia's industrial backwardness?

For much as the Soviet leaders would like to present the USSR as a "Land of Milk and Honey," no one who has looked at Russia realistically before and after 1917 would attempt

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to describe it in these terms. The people who today are most bitter about Russia are those Westerners who, for reasons it is difficult to ascertain, not only assumed that in the 1920's Russia was, or would soon be, Utopia, but that an economically backward country which for centuries had been ruled by a powerful autocracy would set the example for the advanced nations of the Western world. It is far easier to understand why Russians who had never seen the outside world would pin their hopes on promises of a better future within the context of the Soviet system—and also why their first experience with more advanced peoples in the course of the war would precipitate doubt, then disillusion, and, in the case of many, a desire to escape to a newly discovered world.

Vasili's revaluation of the USSR after he had become acquainted with life outside its borders—the chapters on his experience in Rumania and other countries of Eastern Europe are particularly interesting—is twofold. He sees at first hand that material conditions in other lands are better than in Russia—and this gives him a basis for factual reappraisal of the Soviet Government's propaganda. But he also realizes something that is peculiarly difficult to explain to peoples in more advanced and prosperous countries—and that is the near impossibility for men and women to think much about political ideals until minimum material needs have been satisfied.

The aspect of the Soviet system which troubles Vasili throughout, and which becomes unbearable to him after the war, is the shackling of political criticism or opposition. He gives, through White, a vivid feeling of the fear that overhung those who had a desire to play an active part in the country's political development, outside the pattern of officially formulated theories. This aspect of the USSR has understandably disturbed and shocked Western nations. But does it belong entirely to "another world"? We saw it emerge in an industrially advanced and otherwise seemingly civilized country like Germany. And as one reads the character assassinations of idealistic young Americans now being perpetrated by purveyors of sensational journals in this country, who accuse fellow-citizens of "ideological errors," one begins to wonder whether even an educated and highly articulate people armed with a panoply of political freedoms might not, through the very kind of fears and suspicions we deplore in Russia, succumb to concepts of thought control which hitherto have been attributed chiefly to Russia and Communism.

A Red Cross Worker in Japan

POPCORN ON THE GINZA. By Lucy Herndon Crockett. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1949. 286 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

TO ONE who remembers prewar Japan, the surprising thing about Miss Crockett's vivid account of life in that defeated country is the proof she brings to the old proposition that the more a thing changes the more it stays the same.

A Red Cross worker with plenty of opportunity to get around Japan during the year and a half she spent there, Miss Crockett describes with a good eye for detail the dramatic conflict between indigenous and Western culture which, though dramatized by the Occupation, has been going on for decades. Geisha parties and American movies, tea ceremony and taxi dancers, great natural beauty and abject poverty, lovable children and funny English, Imperial duck hunts and "gay quarters"—all have a familiar ring. Gentlemen still hand cards to new acquaintances, presents are given on every occasion, American movies are as popular as they were before the militarists attempted to stamp them out, and stories of pitiful poverty touch the heart as they did twenty years ago.

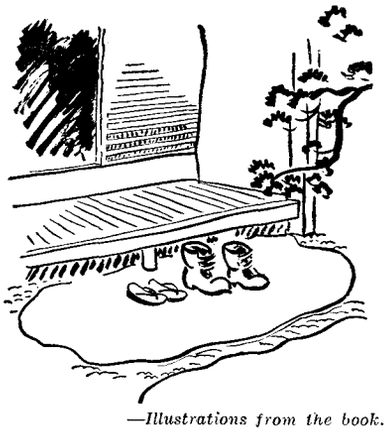
Like most prewar observers, Miss Crockett is also impressed with the "devious" quality of the Japanese mind, the habit of agreeing instead of expressing a difference of opinion, the preference for order and prearrangement instead of spontaneity. And like most observers she is content to note the facts, as they have been noted many times before, without looking for the reason. Books about the Japanese have always tended to say, "How funny they are—so different from us," instead of asking, "What in their culture makes this behavior sensible?" Miss Crockett does not escape from this limitation. With the work of John Embree, Ruth Benedict, and others now available, there is little excuse for clinging to the theory of quaintness.

Yet Miss Crockett does express what many Westerners have felt when she says, "In Japan you have a machine-age technology offset by a stone-age mentality."

Of the hordes of occupation personnel and their families, Miss Crockett says, "We have blandly taken an entire nation for granted as nothing more or less than a colorful background conveniently arranged for Allied living." The sentence should be pondered; it is the most important in the book. For though, as Miss Crockett shows, many Americans have endeared themselves to the Japanese (and many, as she does not show, have made sorry spectacles of themselves and degraded the nation they represent), they have failed on the whole to understand the culture of the land just as most Americans living in Japan before the war failed to do so—with consequences which are now history. At the same time the work of many American Occupation officers, striving against great obstacles and inadequate staff to bring democracy to Japan, gets the high praise it deserves.

Entertaining and informative as Miss Crockett's text is, her perfectly charming brush drawings scattered throughout the book are masterpieces in miniature. With an art perfected in her books for children —"Little Mario," "Lucio and his Nuong"—she catches with deft and economical lines the very essence of Japanese life, the spirit and temperament of the people. The kimonoed gentleman on his bicycle, the crowd around a jeep, a village street, the pair of Army boots next to a pair of female zori (Japanese sandals) at the entrance to a Japanese house are caught with a delicacy of feeling, a rendering of the essential movement and atmosphere which in its economy and sensitiveness is itself very Japanese.

"Popcorn on the Ginza" adds nothing to our knowledge of Japan. But if the many thousands of parents and relatives of Occupation personnel want to know what it's like to live there these days, they can do no better than to buy Miss Crockett's lively little book.



—*Illustrations from the book.*

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Fiction. *Until enough time has elapsed for the historian to analyze the effects of the wars and revolutions that have plagued this generation, the novelist and the journalist share the task of interpretation. A great and long Hungarian novel is reviewed this week which in human terms illustrates for the discerning reader the reason for Russia's bloodless conquest of Eastern Europe. Lajos Zilahy's "The Dukays" is the story of the end of an epoch in Hungarian history when the rule of the landed aristocracy was destroyed even before the outbreak of war. A German novel of the same period, Rudolph Kieve's "The Sorcerers," reveals the development of anti-Semitism before Hitler. In a totally different manner Angela Thirkell's "Love among the Ruins" describes the downfall of ruling classes in contemporary England. In these days even the humorist must deal with matters of serious import and still have the wit and charm to beguile the reader.*

Death of Hungarian Aristocracy

THE DUKAYS. By Lajos Zilahy. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1949. 795 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

DIMENSIONAL writing utilizes to the fullest the potentialities of writing. Like overtones in music—those sounds which cannot be heard, yet without which a certain depth is lost to the listener—every line, every paragraph of dimensional writing contains a richness, as if what is being written is projected from a greater depth, as if behind each word lies a broad expanse which is only being hinted at, which suggests other meanings, which implements the story until it becomes a part of one's own living experience. Such, for the most part, is the writing of "The Dukays," by Lajos Zilahy, translated into excellent English by John Pauker.

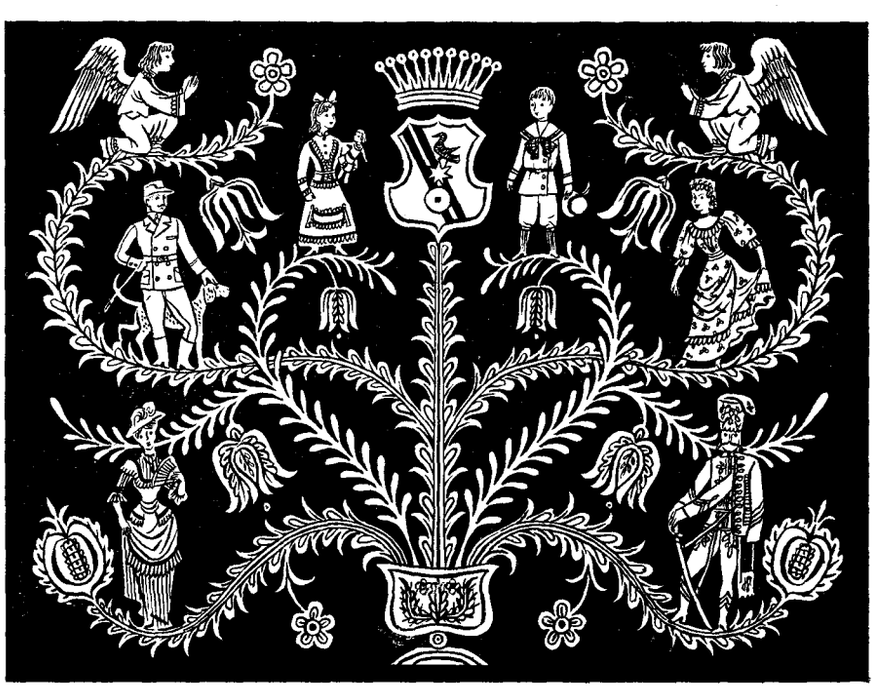
The Dukay family was "one of the most ancient lines of Magyar nobility," dating from the fifteenth century. It is through this family that the author describes in detail the death blow dealt to Hungarian aristocracy, which was threatened with extinction in World War I, and which was demolished by the popular movements and the people's parties just before the outbreak of World War II. Although the time span of the novel runs approximately from 1868 to 1939, "The Dukays" is infused with the spirit of Hungarian history. Each character seems a distillation of a long line of individuals who talked and felt much the same way through centuries of Hungarian life, with the result that when the book is ended the reader knows not only the Dukays but has seen unfolded a panorama of Hungary.

Lajos Zilahy tells his story around Count Istvan Dukay (known as Count Dupi), his wife, Countess Menti, and his family. Rere, the first-born son, is an idiot, strong as a bull, but given to strange impulses which cause him to knit neckties two yards long and nibble occasionally on cakes of cow dung. Kristina, whose diary constitutes a fourth of the book, is a secret admirer of Archduke (and later King) Charles. Of one of the two boys, György, the author has comparatively little to say, György having left his homeland to study abroad. The other son, János, is a silent boy who turns Fascist under the guidance of his tutor. Terezia's life occupies the last 500 pages of the book.

With the exception of a short introductory section, the novel centers around the two daughters—Kristina and Zia. Each has her story told in separate sections—"Kristina and the King" and "The Copperplated Twilight"—sections so different that they might almost have come from different books.

Kristina, in her love for Charles, presents the customs, the beliefs, and the stature of the ruling aristocracy with such vividness that the reader feels himself part of this heritage. Kristina as Kristina is not of special interest, but Kristina as part of a background, Kristina as part of a belief, Kristina as an exponent of a method of life—that is what makes her story so fascinating. Told with dry humor, an historical detachment, a kind, almost benevolent, wisdom, "Kristina and the King" in spots can be compared only to "War and Peace."

The only trouble with the last section of "The Dukays" is that it concerns itself too intensively with Zia as Zia. But overlong, over-repetitious, over-self-conscious though it is, still "The Copperplated Twilight" is an exciting description of the years from 1922 to 1939. This was the age of the tourist, that strange species of individual who, while swimming in a plush pool in Buda, could deliberately bump into a fat lady floating in the water so that he could return home with the story that "he had spent fully seventeen seconds in the lap of a veritable Hapsburg archduchess." Objection to land tenure was already being voiced, a direct challenge to such men as Count Dupi, who thought "the people were insane to believe that a better fate would follow if they wiped out the world of the wealthy around them. . . . Cer-



—Endpaper design from the book.

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tainly no rational man can maintain that people are equal and are born to enjoy equal rights." But rational men did think so, one of the most rational of whom—Miláhy Ursi—was writing a book called "The Great Fallow," in which he denounced the Dukays as "the murderers of an entire nation." Zia Dukay was in love wtih Miláhy Ursi.

And thus, as the accuser marries into the aristocratic family of the accused, the final demolition of the ruling nobility is almost complete. Comes 1939, the aristocracy is dead, and men life Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini control the fate of Europe. The die is cast, and as Count Dupi finally succumbs in death, it is the end "not of a man but of an entire epoch." "The Dukays" is rich in color, deep in its meaning. Lajos Zilahy has written an exceedingly fine, moving novel.

A Woman of Unslaked Libido

NO MARRIAGE IN PARADISE. By Myron Brinig. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1949. 312 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

THE tropic and feminine charm of Hawaii, the masculine vigor of San Francisco, have long been pitfalls for the uncertain novelist. Myron Brinig, who has a long list of novels to his credit, escapes the pitfalls and does a fine job of place description, because his mind is not centered on geography. His attention is on women, and ably so. His story is about an emotionally ruthless woman, mother of grown sons and a dependent daughter, who still craves lovers. The problem of the woman herself, in particular relation to her daughter's development, then of the artist-lover, and more sketchily of the sons, is made to seem more lush against the landscapes of Mr. Brinig's choice.

The difficulty of making such a woman real and vital and even likable, in spite of her age and her unslaked libido, is a pitfall much more subtle than that of scenic effects. Mr. Brinig's competence as a novelist is established firmly by his success just there, not only in making the mother brilliantly alive, her charm as overpowering as Hawaii's, her vitality as inescapable as San Francisco's, but in the delicate etching with which he makes the daughter shine with a kind of pearly virginity, a fluttering protest which sudden love for her mother's lover makes strong and effective. The conflict between these two women makes the story. It reaches its climax in relation to the older woman, still our chief interest, in a final scene in which she turns to a new young man and before our believing eyes carries him off with the triumph of a middle-aged female eagle. This scene has the punch of one of those sophisticated last acts of Somerset Maugham's, and all the satisfaction of good theatre.

Mr. Brinig is as versatile as Maugham in his techniques of presenting both women, as if he read more drama in them naturally and could not bother to make the men more real than paper cut-outs. The sons have no faces. The artist-lover convinces us chiefly because he is silent.

For the most part Mr. Brinig's style is easily brilliant. But sometimes he works too hard at it. He has an annoying trick of describing eyes in terms of jewels and an even worse one of using the word "eye" instead of the word "glance" with results that set the teeth on edge.

Of course, if one does not care very much for novels about ruthlessly emotional women at a time when the wretchedness of the world seems to have a more overpowering drama, "Marriage in Paradise" would seem to be suited especially to the technique of the moving picture.

So Be It!

By I. L. Salomon

HEAR me, O hear me, Israel!
I am the child Thou didst not save;
Six million lives I lived in hell;
I am the scapegoat in the grave.

The lampshade and the gloves I am,
The victim in the lampless room,
The coal, stoked with the iron ram.
I am the many in the tomb.

I am the flesh resolved in fire,
The irreducible residue,
The flaked ash in the peatbog mire.
Untamed, I am the unwanted Jew.

Out of my anguish sons shall rise,
Davids against Goliath's lust.
But Thou, O Israel, my eyes,
My heart, my tongue, my final trust!
AMEN.

Tories and "They"

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 340 pp. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THE art of Mrs. Thirkell, a quick-witted rather than a witty writer, might be described as a strenuous attempt to prevent her public from thinking. She sprints from character to character and from scene to scene at so headlong a pace that the novel seems to come to an end more for lack of breath than for any other reason. Her ideal reader would appear to be someone who is willing to mistake activity for action; who does not object to being deafened by some of the shrillest conversation ever to get into print; who derives entertainment from the sight of syntax and punctuation dropping from the dialogue like hairpins from an untidy coiffure; and who extracts the ultimate enjoyment from such phrases as "a picture . . . of the Lady of Shalott looking like Ophelia's mentally defective sister in a kind of medieval punt," by the simple process of not reading them twice.

That a little of this can be amusing, I would be the last to deny; and there was a time when, taken in swift small doses, Mrs. Thirkell seemed to me to be an agreeable writer. But that was before she decided to become the champion of the British Tory Party, an exacting task for which she is by no means fully equipped.

"Love Among the Ruins" is a chronicle of the doings of some of the nobility and gentry of Barsetshire during the reign of the present Labor Government (invariably referred to by Mrs. Thirkell as "They" or "Them"). The theme is full of melancholy significance; and might, if explored by another kind of writer, have proved to be equally full of interest. Mrs. Thirkell's people, however, seem to think that *all* the burdens of England are due to the fact that Mr. Attlee and not Mr. Churchill is in Downing Street; though what salutary changes would take place if Mr. Churchill were to oust Mr. Attlee, they confess themselves unable to decide. It is hard to believe that such people were once members of a governing class. So far as their ideas go, they are little more than stock figures from the music halls; and if it were not for the wistful charm with which Mrs. Thirkell sometimes invests them, and for her dexterity in shoving them off the scene before they give themselves too hopelessly away, this would be evident from the start.

But the real interest of the book

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does not lie in its portrayal of Lady Graham, Lord Stoke, Lord Bond, Mr. Belton, or any of the "county" people whom she so frankly and uncritically, and therefore so fatally, admires. Where the novel shows signs of life, instead of mere activity, is where it deals with the sensitivities of people who are not quite "county." The agony of Susan Dean when she discovers that her secretary, a simple clergyman's daughter, is the cousin of a marquess, and knows the pedigrees of all the important local families, is as real as it is silly. And whenever the Deans and their like encounter the Grahams and their like, the atmosphere is so full of diffidence and tension and of people being quietly put in their place that it constitutes a valid criticism of English rural society. I wish that there had been a good deal more of this kind of thing; and a great deal less of that ill-tempered talk about "They," or rather "Them."

Myron Brinig's "attention is on women," not geography.

Angela Thirkell's "theme is full of melancholy significance."

—Bellamy.

Gore Vidal's attempt is "the sensibility of the Forties."

A Boy and His Mom

THE SEASON OF COMFORT. By Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949. 253 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

EVERY age has its own sensibility, its special uniqueness that sets it apart from the past; and it is the job of the best writers in every age to discover that sensibility and write it down. Hemingway and Fitzgerald traced and helped to form in their novels the pattern of their generation's loss, and through it, almost by accident, they discovered the Twenties. Wolfe, Steinbeck, and Farrell traced a similar pattern through the chaos of the Depression and set down the only important truth about the Thirties that has survived in literature. So far, of the handful of writers who are young enough to qualify as members of a new literary generation, only Gore Vidal has made more than a fledgling attempt to discover the sensibility of the Forties.

That it is still only a partially successful attempt is made clear in "The Season of Comfort," his fourth and in many respects his weakest novel. Perhaps the most disappointing thing about the book is that, when viewed in relation to the whole of his work, it appears to have nearly all the defects of his previous efforts and almost none of the excellences. The terse, lucid style and compact structure of "Williwaw" and the first half of "In a Yellow Wood" have given way to the curiously toneless prose and jumbled structure of "The City and the Pillar"; and the indignation and power which sustained the latter and somehow excused even the poorest of its parts seem to have disappeared altogether. Where that book might be said to have been an artistic failure but a sociological triumph, "The Season of Comfort" must be considered solely on its merits as a work of art. Its theme is unfortunately not sufficiently controversial enough to carry the discussion elsewhere.

Vidal apparently intended to write a story of a son's struggle "to sever the psychological umbilical cord which ties him to a selfish and possessive mother." We are informed that this is so by the jacket blurb, but at no time up to the concluding sections is it demonstrated to us in the novel. Obviously, to deal with such a subject it is necessary that a writer continually remind himself and his reader that the central conflict of his story is developing toward the resolution he has planned for it. Otherwise, the resolution breaks upon the reader before he has been prepared emotionally to receive it. This is exactly what happens here. The main portion of the novel does not concern the mother-son relationship at all. The mother's girlhood and married life, the background of her family, the grandfather's political career, and the son's slow progress through a number of preparatory schools might be considered, with far greater justice, to be the real subject, and the psychological struggle only an excuse for introducing material which Vidal felt should in some manner be used. At any rate, it is only at the end of the novel and after we have accustomed ourselves to viewing the mother and son through separate lens that Vidal brings them together in single focus, but by then it is too late. The final, highly dramatic scene, done in parallel construction with alternating interior monologues by the mother and son, loses its effect as soon as we think back through the action and try to find justification for it in the preceding events.

I have said that Vidal's attempt to discover the sensibility of the age has so far been only partially successful. "The Season of Comfort," like "The City and the Pillar," represents another phase in his struggle. In both novels, Vidal has tried to grasp issues that are of first importance to us and to his generation, only to fall short

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of them through a failure of his technique to draw their full meaning into his material. In view of the promise he has shown thus far, however, there is every reason to believe that he will eventually evolve the tools he needs.

John W. Aldridge is a member of the English department of the University of Vermont.

A Jew and a Junker

THE SORCERERS. By Rudolph Kieve. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. 438 pp. $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THIS is a novel about a Jew and a Junker during the last years of imperial Germany. Like the host of its predecessors, it tries to unearth, with the usual amount of hindsight, the roots of Nazism and, like some, to demonstrate the German-Jewish heterogeneity that was to write so cruel a chapter into our history.

The two protagonists are Albert Sulzberger, the son of a prosperous Rhenish Jewish grain merchant, and Herr Schuck, a Prussian landowner, who, having taken to drinking after the death of his young wife, has lost his property. He is offered a working partnership in a run-down rural estate by Albert's father and stoops to that collaboration with a Jew. Albert, who moves in at Boxheim Hof with Schuck—they raise sugar beets, a profitable business in those days—is a Westernized Jew, to be sure, quite unlike his wretched coreligionists the Prussian has met in the East. Herr Schuck likes him, but deep down in him there festers the inescapable bias.

Albert's conflict, on the other hand, starts with the arrival of a carload of Polish laborers of the sort Schuck and his like have always dealt with as chattel. Albert is nauseated by the attitude on which Schuck's methods rest, but, eager not to be despised as a cowardly Jew by a society he subconsciously admires, he also fights the softness which makes him recoil from those barbaric methods. That they incidentally give him wealth only aggravates his problem.

Dr. Kieve, whose first novel "The Sorcerers" is, is a practising psychiatrist. His professional experiences stand him in good stead wherever he is satisfied with telling the stories of human beings, which he does very well with a great many minor figures. As a social novelist and interpreter, he fails. Bent on conveying a message—"Man, Albert realized, cannot remain human unless he is in possession of his dignity"—he allows his main characters to slip from his grasp and move in to the sphere of allegory, a procedure which has been the undoing of many a greater novelist.

Schuck, a fairly credible character in the beginning, assumes—especially in his relations to his second wife—more and more the features of a George Grosz drawing. He solves his problem by quitting the partnership with the slavedriver into which he has entered upon his father's death. His life overshadowed by a venereal disease, he grows to be a paragon of withdrawn, melancholy gentleness. He tries to establish his own values, and the reader soon finds himself in the midst of a typical German *Erziehungsroman*, complete with pages and pages of ruminating philosophizing and endless intellectual talk. Under that load, the background material cannot fail to elude the author's perception. While both the conventional Jewish household and life in Schuck's own mansion are depicted with a sure pen, the Heidelberg salon where Albert hobnobs with highbrows, and the World War I milieu, are contrived, wooden, and not very accurate.

Fiction Notes

THE FAMILY MEMBERS. By Martin Yoseloff. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. Rock City, Iowa, is Mr. Yoseloff's novelized town. Adroitly and uncompromisingly, he makes it ours. The Lutheran Church, the embattled local chapter of the YMCA, the assumed goodness, the gossip and intolerance make up its tyranny. Into this community a child is born out of wedlock, fruit of innocent young passion. No scarlet letter, no expulsion, only the lonely facing up to the citizenry marks this travail. Baptized, received with love, the baby ultimately gets a last name and sin is expiated by an appropriate marriage.

Mr. Yoseloff approaches his original and sweet morality with a tender, somewhat tentative timidity. He writes with sympathy, with keen perception, and with a warm understanding of frustration. These yearning souls, so typical and so touching, can achieve salvation only through the simplest acts of living. The way is here pointed lovingly and with care.

SANGAREE. By Frank Slaughter. Doubleday, $3. Dr. Slaughter, a physician, is pleased to look at life in emerging America just after the Revolution. The scene, in and around Savannah, is rich in slavery, crinolines, beaten biscuits, and feuds. Mis-

apprehensions, falsely smeared reputations, and unjustly tarnished bright honors are finally cleared up. The wildcat aristocratic heiress yields to an upstart young surgeon, her dying father's choice for her as husband as well as manager of her estates. New blood revitalizes blue blood.

An almost unbearably heavy operative schedule takes up Dr. Kent's professional time. Malignant throats, twisted hernias, false pregnancies, and infected mastoids mark this medical journal. Ignorance of anesthesia lends a sadistic touch to these scalpel-happy proceedings. Otherwise the tale is egregiously twice told.

NO MAN ALONE. By Edwin L. Mayer. Boni & Gaer. $3. Mr. Mayer has essayed a novel in the manner of Steinbeck. Whether wittingly or not, the mark of imitation, of derivation is on it. Rough fibered, coarse, heavy with brawn, drunken brawls, easy sex, and brutal loyalties, the fundamental brotherhood of man actually sets the key. A binge, a jail sentence, and an enforced stay in Mexico involve an ideologically confused American truckdriver with a big beer baron, a native girl out for security, and a dumb half-caste out for the workers of the world. The right way is made clear at violent cost. America, still the land of promise, beckons across the border and readily receives her native son.

A mechanical precision, a pulsing sense of the machine controlled by man, and one unforgettable night ride contribute what excitement there is to this tale of toughness without tenderness.

THIS SAME FLOWER. By Jeannette Coveit Nolan. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $2.75. How a carefully nurtured small-town girl breaks loose in 1911 with the expected results. A room of her own, a job involving the current suffrage movement, two men in her life, and a mounting feminine defiance culminating in bobbed hair lead only as always to the altar. The period is stressed. Morals and manners, while quaint and complicated, could be combated and invariably were for plot purposes. Patently passive, but agreeable, afternoon reading.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

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The Case of the Poisoned Compliments

DAVID DAVIDSON

THE other day, a long-standing friend of the knew-you-when variety informed me he had just got around to reading a published work of mine. "Kid," he declared, and I'm certain he meant this as pure praise, "I didn't know you had it in you! Think I'll try a novel myself one of these days."

Now, compliments are fine things, and the person who pretends he doesn't want them and doesn't look for them is, five to one, pretending to an other-worldliness that may have a lot to do with the parable of the sour grapes. But this is not to say that all compliments are cut from the same cloth.

The sad truth is that altogether too many of them come served up with the attractiveness and acceptability of, say, garnished ratbane or potassium cyanide with truffles. Not that the flatterer's intentions are necessarily bad. Perhaps it's only another tragic case of somebody sending you a gift basket of toadstools where he sincerely meant mushrooms.

The morsel of laudation hereinabove, for instance, I would classify as *The Compliment of Unflattering Surprise*. Into it, and quite unconsciously of course, has gone the imputation that it's nothing short of miraculous that a dope like myself should have succeeded in turning out a novel which is the least bit readable; that if I could do it, there can't be much to it; and that certainly the flatterer should himself be able to turn out a far better one.

Nor, as I leaf through my memory book, is this the sole instance of toadstools-for-mushrooms flattery. Offhand I can tote up at least six other grand categories, and I list them below haphazardly rather than in order of frequency or detestability:

The Compliment of Misfocussed Laudation: Your intention, say, was to write a study of moral courage or the impact of present-day violences on sensitive people, but what the review comes out as is something like this: "Amazing! Probably no other novelist of our times has demonstrated so profound an understanding of Bavarian yodeling and chamois hunting. There are several interesting observations, incidentally, about human beings."

The Compliment of the Inacceptable Criterion: "Wonderful! As a work of art it comes up to 'The Miracle of the Bells'!"

The Compliment of the Quick Pigeonhole and the Implied Plagiarism: "Marvelous! It reminded me all the way through of 'The Red Badge of Courage'!"

The Compliment of Embarrassing and Self-defeating Excess: "What a grand book you've written. Breathtaking!" (Fine, so far.) "Beats Hemingway all hollow—I really mean that!" (A slight unsteadiness now sets in.) "And Faulkner and Hawthorne and Melville too!" (The unsteadiness gives way to a marked nausea.) "In fact, I don't know but what I'd say it was probably the best novel written by any American *ever*! Yes, I really mean that, I do!" (Oh, oh, oh. . . . There is nothing for it now but to send for the stomach pump.)

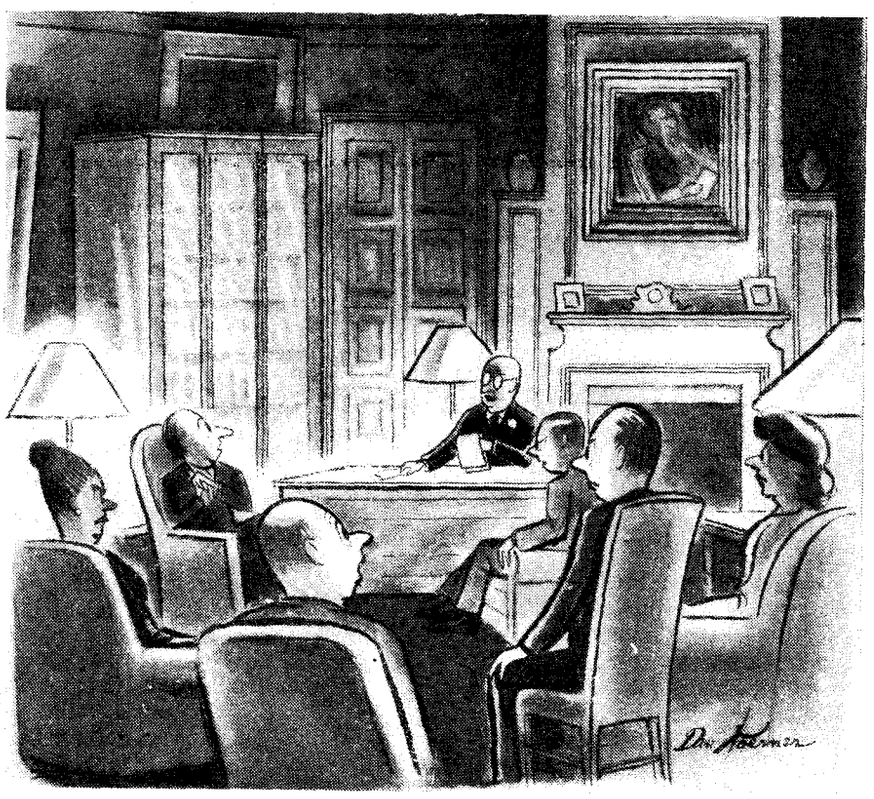
The Compliment of Future Possibilities: "A brilliant, dashing, enchanting, deeply-moving, highly-impressive first novel. Some day, we are confident, the author will write a good one."

The Compliment of Past Performances: "But that other book . . . your *first* novel . . . ah!"

Now, I don't want to leave the impression that all the chocolates which come the way of myself and my fellow workers are poisoned, and I hasten to add that the list of digestible and even highly-succulent flatteries must be equally large. I will leave them, however, for some other journeyman to elaborate, offering tribute here only to the one that has always struck me as best of all. It seems to come most often in short and wistful notes from people unknown to you who, in gentle self-effacement, write their names almost illegibly and rarely give return addresses. In these quiet little missives they tell you—as you would give your right arm to be told more often—that you have said for them some little thing that in their loneliness they thought that only they themselves felt, and always wished they could say but could not find the words for. And they wonder softly how you knew.

You get the feeling that it might be worth while to keep on trying after all.

David Davidson, whose first novel, "The Steeper Cliff," made its appearance in 1947, is shortly to become the author of a second, "The Runaways."



"I, William Basingstoke Goldbottom, being of sound mind and body, took great delight in spending every nickel I had before I kicked the bucket."

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The Renunciation of Thought

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is drawn from "Out of My Life and Thought," by Albert Schweitzer, published under the copyright of Henry Holt in* 1933. *Albert Schweitzer is perhaps the twentieth century's outstanding example of a man who claimed and justified citizenship in humanity and the human spirit.*

WITH the spirit of the age I am in complete disagreement, because it is filled with disdain for thinking. That such is its attitude is to some extent explicable by the fact that thought has never yet reached the goal which it must set before itself. Time after time it was convinced that it had clearly established a world-view which was in accordance with knowledge and ethically satisfactory. But time after time the truth came out that it had not succeeded.

But today, in addition to that neglect of thought, there is also prevalent a mistrust of it. The organized political, social, and religious associations of our time are at work to induce individual man not to arrive at his convictions by his own thinking but to take as his own such convictions as they keep ready-made for him. Any man who thinks for himself and at the same time is spiritually free is to the associations something inconvenient and even uncanny. He does not offer sufficient guarantee that he will merge himself in their organizations in the way they wish. All corporate bodies look today for their strength not so much to the spiritual worth of the ideas they represent and to that of the people who belong to them, as to the attainment of the highest possible degree of unity and exclusiveness. It is here that they expect to find their strongest power for offense and defense.

Hence the spirit of the age rejoices, instead of lamenting, that thinking seems to be unequal to its task, and gives it no credit for what, in spite of imperfections, it has already accomplished. It refuses to admit, what is nevertheless the fact, that all spiritual progress up to today has come about through the achievements of thought, or to reflect that thinking may still be able in the future to accomplish what it has not succeeded in accomplishing as yet. Of such considerations the spirit of the age takes no account. Its only concern is to discredit individual thinking in every possible way, dealing with such thought according to the saying: "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Thus, his whole life long, modern man is exposed to influences which are bent on robbing him of all confidence in his own thinking. The spirit of spiritual dependence to which he is called on to surrender is in everything that he hears or reads; it is in the people whom he meets every day; it is in the parties and associations which have claimed him as their own; it pervades all the circumstances of his life.

From every side and in the most varied ways it is dinned into him that the truth and convictions which he needs for life must be taken by him from the associations which have rights over him. The spirit of the age never lets him come to himself. Over and over again convictions are forced upon him in the same way as, by means of the electric advertisements which flare in the streets of every large town, any company which has sufficient capital to get itself securely established, exercises pressure on him at every step he takes to induce him to buy their boot polish or their soup tablets.

By the spirit of the age, then, the man of today is forced into skepticism about his own thinking, in order to make him receptive to truth which comes to him from authority. To all this constant influence he cannot make the resistance that is desirable because he is an overworked and distracted being without power to concentrate. Moreover, the manifold material trammels which are his lot work upon his mentality in such a way that he comes at last to believe himself unqualified even to make any claim to thoughts of his own.

His self-confidence is also diminished through the pressure exercised upon him by the huge and daily increasing mass of Knowledge. He is no longer in a position to take in all the new discoveries that are constantly announced; he has to accept them as fact although he does not understand them. This being his relation to scientific truth he is tempted to acquiesce in the idea that in matters of thought also his judgment cannot be trusted.

Thus do the circumstances of the age do their best to deliver us up to the spirit of the age.

The seed of skepticism has germinated. In fact, modern man has no longer any spiritual self-confidence at all. Behind a self-confident exterior he conceals a great inward lack of confidence. In spite of his great capacity in material matters he is an altogether stunted being, because he makes no use of his capacity for thinking. It will ever remain incomprehensible that our generation,

Last Illusion

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

SINCE in the atom's lesser universe
Infinity may even there embrace
Suns orbital to as arcane a source
As lies beyond the outmost edge of space,
We might with reason let the meteor-flash
Of our self-knowing flicker and subside
To darkness and the elemental ash
Of galaxies whose embers also died.

In the small chamber of the skull may spin
Stars yet more veiled than Vega or Altair,
Weaving an immaterial web wherein
Is caught this dream of consciousness we wear
Against the last illusion, almost shown
Through a dissolving mist of flesh and bone.

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which has shown itself so great by its achievements in discovery and invention, could fall so low spiritually as to give up thinking.

* * *

RENUNCIATION of thinking is a declaration of spiritual bankruptcy. Where there is no longer a conviction that men can get to know the truth by their own thinking, skepticism begins. Those who work to make our age skeptical in this way, do so in the expectation that, as a result of renouncing all hope of self-discovered truth, men will end by accepting as truth what is forced upon them with authority and by propaganda.

But their calculations are wrong. No one who opens the sluices to let a flood of skepticism pour itself over the land must expect to be able to bring it back within its proper bounds. Of those who let themselves get too disheartened to try any longer to discover truth by their own thinking, only a few find a substitute for it in truth taken from others. The mass of people remain skeptical. They lose all feeling for truth, and all sense of need for it as well, finding themselves quite comfortable in a life without thought, driven now here, now there, from one opinion to another.

But the acceptance of authoritative truth, even if that truth has both spiritual and ethical content, does not bring skepticism to an end; it merely covers it up. Man's unnatural condition of not believing that any truth is discoverable by himself, continues, and produces its natural results. The city of truth cannot be built on the swampy ground of skepticism. Our spiritual life is rotten throughout because it is permeated through and through with skepticism; in consequence, we live in a world which in every respect is full of falsehood. We are not far from shipwreck on the rock of wanting to have even truth organized.

Truth taken over by a skepticism which has become believing has not the spiritual qualities of that which originated in thinking. It has been externalized and rendered torpid. It does obtain influence over a man, but it is not capable of uniting itself with him to the very marrow of his being. Living truth is that alone which has its origin in thinking.

Just as a tree bears year after year the same fruit and yet fruit which is each year new, so must all permanently valuable ideas be continually born again in thought. But our age is bent on trying to make the barren tree of skepticism fruitful by tying fruits of truth on its branches.

It is only by confidence in our ability to reach truth by our own individual thinking, that we are capable of accepting truth from outside. Unfettered thought, provided it be deep, never degenerates into subjectivity. With its own ideas it stirs those within itself which enjoy any traditional credit for being true, and exerts itself to be able to possess them as knowledge.

—From "New Song in a Strange Land."

Not less strong than the will to truth must be the will to sincerity. Only an age which can show the courage of sincerity can possess truth which works as a spiritual force within it.

Sincerity is the foundation of the spiritual life.

With its depreciation of thinking our generation has lost its feeling for sincerity and with it that for truth as well. It can therefore be helped only by its being brought once more on to the road of thinking.

Because I have this certainty I oppose the spirit of the age, and take upon myself with confidence the responsibility of taking my part in the rekindling of the fire of thought.

—ALBERT SCHWEITZER.

Bookmarks

FOR years, off and on, the designation "nonfiction" has been held up to derision. But whatever its shortcomings, the term at least explains itself. And on any count it sounds betters, looks better, and is better than the awful lump of verbal dough which the movie people use to define "nonfiction" footage. The word, in case you have so far been lucky enough to avoid it, is "documentary." Radio, for reasons well beyond our comprehension, has now adopted it. We devoutly hope that it never gets to books.

* * *

In the English translation, by Katherine Woods, of Roger Vercell's "Northern Lights," one of the characters, Madame Fertay, is speaking, and getting more and more worked up as she goes along. "Her voice, now, was hissing." She says: "Only that! If you were capable only of being that!" Try that on your hisser. The irony of it is that, in the original, the passage must have hissed beautifully.

* * *

The New York State communities of Ardsley-on-Hudson, Croton-on-Hudson, and Hastings on Hudson have informed the Board of Geographical Names of the Department of the Interior that those are the ways they want their names down on the nation's books. In each instance there is justification for the "on-Hudson" (or "on Hudson"), because there are an Ardsley, a Croton Falls, and a Hastings elsewhere in the state.

The mayor of Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, is all out for that rendering of the name of his town. He says it is an Indian name that can be spelled only with the hyphen. Here is an engrossing theme for a Ph.D. thesis—the incidence of the hyphen in the dialects of the Algonquin tribes.

On this matter of names, why doesn't the Department of the Interior itself select a designation that would make it sound less like a clinic for gastric ulcers?

* * *

The kind of story we like best is one where we have to hold a hand over the lower half of the page so that we won't find out ahead of time what is going to happen next.

* * *

Who coined (but coined is surely too workmanlike a word for so spurious a product) the phrase "the foreseeable future"? Where, or when, does the foreseeable future begin? How far does it go? When it approaches the unforeseeable future, is there a kind of indeterminate no-man's land, or just a jumping-off place? Why not forget the whole business and say something else, or even nothing?

* * *

You can't tell whether a story is going to be long or short merely by looking to see how many pages it has. Length, in something to read, is an emotional, not a linear, attribute.

* * *

"Has been aptly called"—"is widely known as"—"is generally supposed"—"is conceded to be," etc. by whom? Avoid the sloughs of the passive.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Jim Crowing

SIR: When are you going to stop Jim Crowing your Negro writers? If you always say a book is by a Negro, etc., you should, to be consistent, say another is by a white, etc. Only where literature has no race or religion will it be completely free. I know this shocks you, but Jim Crow is where we find it, and even you may find yourself guilty.

KATHERINE E. MCDONALD.

Charleston, S. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *After having applauded various publishers for omitting racial identification in their promotion of Negro authors, we are ashamed of ourselves. It won't happen again.*

English Exchange

SIR: It occurs to me there may be someone in America who is as interested in English books as I am in American ones. And if that someone would buy and mail me a book of my choice, say once a month, I'd be delighted to do the same. I will supply current English book reviews, if required to aid his choice.

J. DOUGLAS EAMES.

16c Abercorn Place,
London N. W. 8, Eng.

Classics

SIR: In *SRL* Nov. 27 your Peoria correspondent Mr. Booth Williamson is having jitters because of Elmer Davis's review of "Roosevelt and Hopkins." There have been others in the past few months who view with alarm the opinions of some of your reviewers.

Still there must be those who feel as I do, that you are all doing a swell job. I hope they will say so. I shan't forget Robert S. Allen's review of the Farley opus [*SRL* Sept. 4] nor Elmer Davis on "Roosevelt and Hopkins." Both are classics. Without meaning to be disagreeable I wonder if Mr. Williamson would prefer Westbrook Pegler's opinion of the Roosevelt and Hopkins book?

HELEN A. BAGLEY.

Englewood, N. J.

Detonating the Bomb

SIR: I believe I may be able to answer Mr. Norman Cousins's question, proposed at the end of his review of "No Place to Hide": [*SRL*, Dec. 11] why the bomb was not detonated from a tower erected on one of the ships at Bikini. The more important reason is probably security, the other reason being practicability.

The optimum height of detonation for maximum blast effect is classified information. If the bomb is exploded too high, then a wider area is affected, but the effects are not as lethal. If the bomb is exploded at a height lower than the optimum value, a smaller area is affected, thus wasting the potential destructive power of the bomb.

Since there were thousands of observers at this test, including observers of many foreign nations, the height of any tower would be a dead giveaway of this very important piece of information. It is, of course, impossible to observe the height of detonation when the bomb is dropped by plane, except by very careful and elaborate photographic measurements, in case of an over-water explosion.

As to practicability, evidence seems to point to the fact that the explosion takes place at a height of approximately 1,500 feet. It is known that the explosions over Hiroshima and Nagasaki resulted in no permanent radioactivity of appreciable quantities in the ground. The initial test at Alamogordo resulted in permanent radioactivity in the ground. The tower in the latter test was approximately 300 feet high. Therefore, the estimate that the explosion takes place at approximately 1,500 feet above the ground is fairly reasonable.

I believe you can recognize the impossibility of constructing a 1,500-foot tower based on a ship. The Empire State Building is 1,200 feet high and the Eiffel Tower is 980 feet high. As to supporting the bomb in a blimp, that may not have been feasible due to anchoring and weight problems. The bomb is apparently quite a big piece of equipment, requiring a B-29 to carry it.

The fact that a large blimp or series of balloons was not used to support the bomb indicates that in all probability the main reason for aircraft dropping was due to security.

VICTOR WOUK.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"We are living in an era of breathtaking speed—sometimes it frightens me."

Summation

SIR: About once a year I manage to take time to reread some of your articles and reviews; it seems to me to be worth the extra effort to take a look at things which have had the testing of the *market* for a few months, and see what you thought of them. This is neither gripe nor boost; simply reader comment.

I find your editorials and feature articles consistently interesting and often of superior quality. They are timely; much as I hate this overused word, your editorials deserve its genuine use. This despite the fact that since I am a Christian minister, I am constantly restless at the fact that many of your questions and answers are pointed toward the Christian view, or border on it, but seem to stop short of it by an intriguingly close margin.

One or two notes seem worth while adding: you are to be complimented on your review of "The Naked and the Dead" [May 8]; its characterizations did in fact fail to come off; many reviewers seem to feel that a book so blunt just "had to be good"—you know, the "revealing" novel of World War II. Your review was neither shocked nor awed by it but rather attacked its values intelligently.

Let me praise you for your review of Pitirim Sorokin's book "The Reconstruction of Humanity" [May 22]: I had to listen to his strange tripe several times at Harvard; as you might imagine, his responses to questionings of his utopia, fell into three classes: "When you are as old as I am, . . .," "Young man, *I* have traveled . . .," and "I *was* in Russia . . ." (most recently in 1921). If these failed, he was always capable of a vicious dishonesty: quoting obscure authorities with no truth to their holdings, always hoping that no one present had read them; at times they had.

I was disappointed in the space and praise you gave the World Constitution plan [April 3]. I felt then, and do now, that it is shallow, self-deluding. This plan, ambitious in language, precise in form—seems to me to fail critically: it has no keystone; it is relativistic; and how can a plan which presumes to set the stage for the justice of all mankind be relativistic? For is not this the point where justice must be anchored to some unchanging, supra-historical standard? The World Constitution is all periphery, no heart.

I am not commenting, of course, on hundreds which struck me simply as good reviews.

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I wonder how many of your staff read an almost unnoticed book called "Philosophical Understanding and Religious Truth" by Erich Frank (Oxford, 1945), which in this neighborhood is gaining momentum among the thoughtful groups in the thirties? Several bull sessions have been held around here lately on this one book. . . .

(Rev.) Ward McCabe.

Wellesley, Mass.

Old German Hand

Sir: This is to tell you how immensely valuable I consider your "Dinner for Twenty-six in Berlin" [*SRL*, Dec. 18]. I have lived for so many years in Germany, under war and peace conditions, that I flatter myself (perhaps unduly) that I understand the mentality of these strange, enigmatic people and as an "Old German Hand" I am certainly allergic to the outpourings of high-flying visitors on their return from whirlwind campaigns! But I am convinced that you are on the right track and I trust that your remarkable article is but the prelude to many others that will shed much needed light on a problem that is of vital concern to all.

Stephen Bonsal.

Washington, D. C.

Hart Crane

Sir: I am editing a volume of the letters of Hart Crane, and would appreciate hearing from people who have letters of the poet. The book is scheduled to appear next fall, and will be published by the Bodley Press, 104 Fifth Ave., New York 11, to whom correspondence addressed to me should be sent.

Brom Weber.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Position

Sir: The recently published anthology "Russian Literature Since the Revolution," edited by Joshua Kunitz [*SRL* Jan. 8], includes several poems translated by the undersigned. We wish to make clear that Mr. Kunitz's view of the state of letters in the Soviet Union is entirely at variance with ours.

Babette Deutsch.
Avrahm Yarmolinsky.

New York, N. Y.

Marriages

Sir: One need not quarrel with De Rougemont's thesis in "The Romantic Route to Divorce" [*SRL*, Nov. 13] to conclude that he has written no epoch-making essay. Whatever the approach to marriage, the element of risk is great because in youth, when most weddings occur, experience is not great enough to enable the participants to judge the true weight of the various factors involved. "Arranged" betrothals are doubtless intended to counteract this hazard, but if what we read about them is true, they lead to much seeking of romance out of wedlock.

The theory that marriage should be for life ignores the fact that humans are polygamous and can hardly be held to monogamy. Despite the high divorce rate in some countries, there is no need to cry up marriage as nearly all lands are overpopulated and there is need for fewer rather than for more marriages.

W. L. McAtee.

Chicago, Ill.

Sir: The very title of Denis de Rougemont's article "The Romantic Route to Divorce" shows how confused he is about this marriage business. Divorce is a legal action based on a legal institution of marriage. It is idle to discuss "marriage" without considering just what marriage is, especially in relation to this civil-rights-minded era. Marriage is a cage in which women are kept by men under rules and restraints that no self-respecting male would himself endure. To say "marriage" flatly, as Mr. De Rougemont does throughout his article, renders his comments almost meaningless. Every aspect of marriage is open to question and criticism because nine-tenths of marriage is

grossly undemocratic as far as women are concerned. Marriage is so bound up in ancient superstition and tyrannical custom that democratic life would be impossible if we did not have the open door of divorce to save us from suffocation.

Marriage failure is not the individual's fault at all, but the fault of the institution itself, so ancient, so rickety, so patched up, that to try to break out of it is a mark of intelligence. Arguments on either "marriage" or "divorce" are fruitless until women actually get their rights in this country. Honest-to-God feminism is the only salvation for the world.

Alma Booker.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Editor's Note: *Please don't blame Mr. De Rougemont for the title. We did it.*

Beauty Treatment

Sir: In his editorial "Youth Must Be Served" [*SRL* Oct. 2] H. S. feels that we American women should "begin to think of maturity and old age, not as the enemies of life, but as a reasonable and rewarding part of everyone's destiny."

From the practical standpoint, the modern middle-aged woman doesn't have an extra moment to think about *how* she looks. If she looks young, it is not because she is trying to *appear* youthful; it is a natural result of her method of living.

From the time a woman puts her head into the marriage yoke, her life is one long service. The fact that she enjoys that service and feels the joys of serving her family and her community keeps her young-looking. She must be sympathetic at all times of day and night to everything that goes wrong, or right, to all members of the family, including the children's pets. She must project herself into the consciousness of everyone in her family and her friends.

She must be an excellent dancer, a good golfer, a cook without equal, a sympathetic wife, a mistress, an intelligent listener, an intellectual giant, a good seamstress, nimble on roller skates, a charming companion, a good sport on all occasions, an accomplished musician, a connoisseur of art, a good mother, a manager of people and things, a gracious hostess, and a diplomat. She must try to excel in every sport or game her husband enjoys. She must not *wear* lipstick, but she must *look* as if she did. She must manage her wardrobe on a small allowance and look as glamorous as a model.

She must read all the classics and all the good modern books so that she can give the essence of them to her husband, who is so busy in his work that he "hasn't time" to read and plow through anything but stock and bond reports, and literature relating to his hobbies.

She must do philanthropic and church work, not particularly for him but for her own conscience's sake. She is interested in "causes" and projects entirely outside herself because she is intelligent enough to be objective.

If her husband is a flier, she must conquer her fear and go anywhere, at any time, in his plane with him. She will be rewarded by visions of Beauty and she will be shown a New Dimension.

The result of living this generous, outgoing life, this busy unegocentric pattern is that she *looks* young.

Marie Warner.

Wayne, Pa.

Artistic Atonement

Sir: Ordinarily, the poetry printed in your publication leaves me numb, unsatisfied (wondering whether it is I or the writer who is lacking). But in *SRL* Oct. 30 are two poems which are so artistically done that they atone for a long period of disappointment, "Della Crane" by Millicent Pettit and "Problem and Example" by Burnham Eaton.

Mrs. C. O. Peterson.

Beresford, S. D.

Ernestine L. Rose

Sir: I am interested in an outstanding woman leader of the nineteenth century who has received only cursory treatment in the accounts of the women's rights movement—Ernestine L. Rose (1810-82).

I would be most grateful for any information—letters, manuscripts, press items from individuals or libraries, etc., about her, and any of her relatives if they survive.

Jewel Bellush.

130 West 16th St.,
New York 11, N. Y.

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Personal History. *Our tendency to consider bygone eras as lengthened shadows of great personalities is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of books about the Civil War period, which most readers think of as "Lincolniana." The past year has seen publication of such volumes of lasting merit as D. C. Mearns's edition of the "Lincoln Papers" and David Donald's "Lincoln's Herndon." This week we review three more worthy pieces of Lincolniana: O'Connor's and Cleaves's biographies of Lincoln's great general, George H. Thomas (see below), and F. M. Anderson's account of how he tracked down the fabricator of many Lincoln legends (see "History"). . . . England under Socialism continues to fascinate writers of fact and fiction. Recently we reviewed Francis Williams's informative "Socialist England"; this week Angela Thirkell's "Love Among the Ruins" (see "Fiction") and Emily Hahn's "England to Me" (reviewed below) offer more personal views.*

"Slow Trot," a Curious Man

THOMAS: ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA. By Richard O'Connor. New York: Prentice Hall, Inc. 1948. 385 *pp.* $4.

ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA: The Life of General George H. Thomas. By Freeman Cleaves. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1948. 328 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LLOYD LEWIS

MARK TWAIN said he was enchanted and stupefied by the "awful statements without shade of color or malice" Union generals made about "mates with whom they were on the best possible terms." He concluded that the explanation lay in the particular training given them at West Point, where boys were taught to speak out with a frankness uncommon in civilian life.

Had the authors of the two new biographies of General George H. Thomas understood this trait as clearly as did Twain, they presumably would have taken less seriously some of the private criticisms of Thomas's generalship made by his old friend General Sherman. Both Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Cleaves in their separate books appear to feel that Sherman either in admiration for his superior, General Grant, or in personal ambition, was imperfectly loyal to his comrade "Old Tom." Mr. Cleaves goes so far as to say that Sherman in one letter addressed their commander, Grant, in "courtier-like terms"—a charge curious indeed to be made against the most brutally candid general of them all. Across his whole career Sherman was famous for blurting out what he thought, pro or con, to any superior within reach. Not only did he differ emphatically with his commander, Grant, about the Vicksburg campaign, but he also managed during the course of the war to contradict one Chief of Staff, one President, two Secretaries of War, and two Congresses.

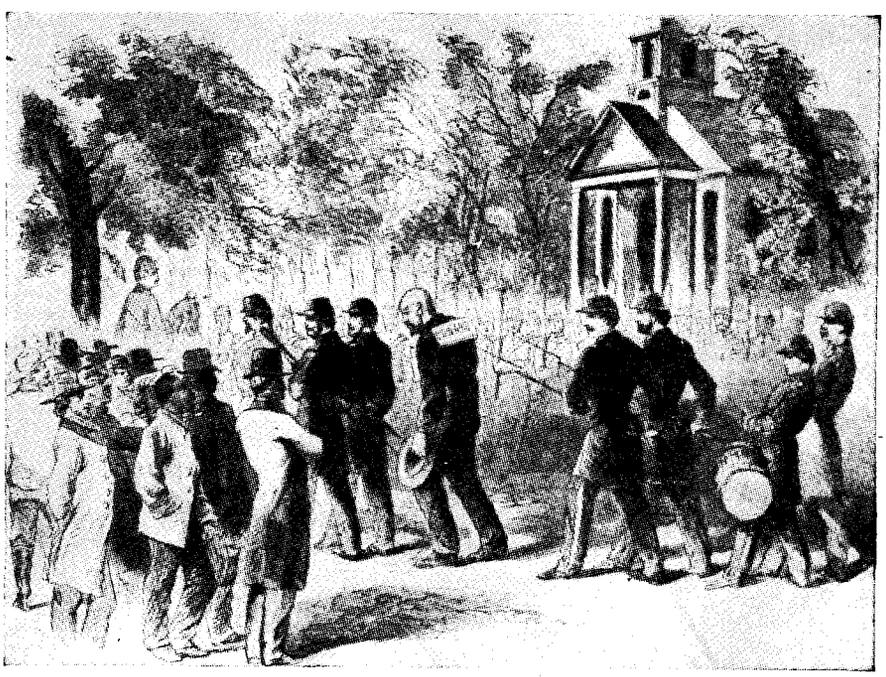
The claim that Thomas would have held higher place in promotions, assignments, and fame, if he had had fairer treatment is bottomed generally upon several remarks by Thomas himself and a steady volume of complaints, after the war, from Thomas's men, veterans of the Army of the Cumberland. The claim is that President Lincoln at the beginning of the Civil War held back because Thomas was a Virginian and was being accused by the South of having originally sympathized with the Confederacy until his wife, a Northern woman, prevailed upon him to cling to the United States Army. After that, the contention is that Grant, who did not like him, and Sherman, who was ambitious, managed between them to keep him down and to see that honors went to their favorite force, the Army of the Tennessee.

Neither of the two biographies strengthen the case. Neither produces any new evidence to offset the theory that both Grant and Sherman, viewing Thomas from somewhat different personal viewpoints, honestly agreed that his talent was defensive, rather than offensive, and that he was most valuable in such a role. His temperament did not seem to them ideal for the audacious campaigns necessary to the crushing of the Confederacy

In defending Thomas, after death, from the charge he had been devious about which side to join, Grant said, "Thomas was an inert man" given to slow, careful analysis, and "to a mind as honest as that of Thomas the crime of treason would soon appear." Grant added, "We used to say, laughingly, 'Thomas is too slow to move and too brave to run away', " and "he was one of the finest characters in the war."

Mr. O'Connor holds that Thomas's slowness of movement was due in considerable part to a spine injury in 1861, but the fact remains that West Point cadets had nicknamed him "Slow Trot" years before when he was cavalry instructor at the Academy.

If neither biographer proves the charge that Thomas was wronged, they do, in their separate ways, increase Thomas's stature both as a man and a military man. Mr. O'Connor writes the more vividly, Mr.



A coward being drummed out of the ranks—a familiar Civil War scene, North and South.

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Cleaves with better documentation, as they describe Thomas's important victory, early in the war, at the skirmish of Mill Springs, his careful preparation of forces under his command, his solid contributions to the victories at Stone River, Missionary Ridge, the battles during the Atlanta campaign, his Homeric stand at Chickamauga, where he won the name of "The Rock," and his pulverizing of General Hood at Nashville.

Since Thomas left no memoirs, no narrative of military service, no revealing interviews, and was cut off, without comment, by his Virginia family for fighting against his state, he is, as Mr. O'Connor says, "the bane of the biographer." He was so uncommunicative that men close to him had only occasional glimpses of what went on in his mind. Yet by diligence and study the two biographers create more clearly the picture of a curious, perhaps a mysterious, man, painfully repressed yet capable of winning the idolatry of his men, an extremely sensitive soul who wore the hair-shirt of duty, a naturally courteous officer who would become so preoccupied that he would rudely stalk out of councils of war, a formalist who set great store on rank yet who time and again put aside promotion rather than do injustice to a deserving rival.

Each of the two biographies is a distinct improvement upon the four that have been given Thomas in the past. Mr. O'Connor's is the more brilliant in portraiture and color, Mr. Cleaves's the more instructive as to military movements. Both books belong on the shelves of readers curious about war in general and the Civil War, in particular, for while they do not perform the impossible and open the locked lips of the man, they each deepen the sculptural lines which bring dimension and detail to the massive "Rock of Chickamauga."

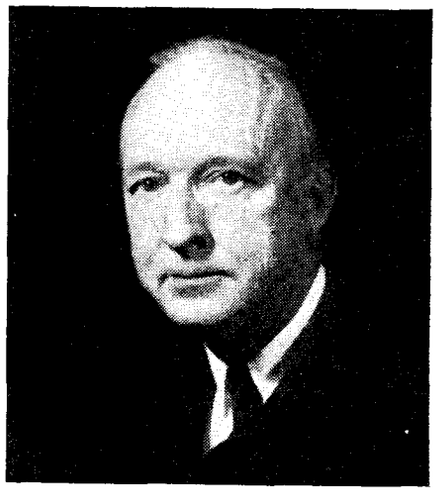
LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Toward the Morning. 2. The Times of Melville and Whitman. 3. The Gallery. 4. The American Past. 5. The Gathering Storm. 6. Life and the Dream. 7. Summer Stranger. 8. Lions Under the Throne. 9. Shirt-Sleeve Diplomat. 10. The United Nations. 11. Proud Destiny. 12. Why They Behave Like Russians. 13. Gandhi and Stalin. 14. Inside U.S.A. 15. The Shaping of American Tradition. 16. Complacent Dictator. 17. Three Came Home. 18. Kingsblood Royal. 19. Under the Volcano. 20. The Naked and the Dead. 21. Essays of Three Decades. 22. Politics in the Empire State. 23. The Left Hand Is the Dreamer. 24. The Story of Mrs. Murphy. 25. Presidential Mission. 26. Tomorrow Will Be Better. 27. The Wayward Bus. 28. The Coming Crisis. 29. The Great Rehearsal. 30. The Loved One. 31. We Need Not Fail. 32. The Meaning of Treason. 33. The Ides of March.

FDR's First Supreme Court Appointee

MR. JUSTICE BLACK: The Man and His Opinions. By John P. Frank. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 257 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM M. KUNSTLER



—Comdr. Maurice Constant, USN. Taken for the Hyde Park Library.

"Hugo L. Black's silence spoke far more eloquently."

THE retirement of Willis Van Devanter in 1937 opened the way for the first Roosevelt appointment to the Supreme Court. Coming shortly after the defeat of the President's controversial Court Plan, the appointment was a matter of more than usual national interest. The man whose name FDR sent to the Senate on August 12, 1937, was Hugo L. Black, the junior Senator from Alabama and an ardent New Dealer. Editorial reaction was immediate. The *Chicago Tribune*, still smarting from the 1936 election, called Black "the worst he [Roosevelt] could find." To the *New York Herald Tribune*, the nomination was "as menacing as it is unfit," while Dorothy Thompson contented herself with the adjective "cheap."

Until the appointment was confirmed, the opposition was directed toward the President rather than Black. But in September, Ray Sprigle, in a series of articles carried in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, let the country in on what most Alabamans already knew—the new Associate Justice had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Although Black had resigned from the Birmingham chapter of the Klan less than two years after he had joined, he had been awarded an honorary membership after his election to the Senate in 1926. To Sprigle and many others, this meant that he was still a member.

On October 1, in an unprecedented radio address, Black admitted his past Klan association, but reiterated that his resignation had been permanent and that he had "had nothing whatever to do with it since that time." The *Montgomery Advertiser* was perhaps nearest the truth when it claimed that the engineers of the attack against Black hated him, not because of his Klan association, but rather "because of his record as a United States Senator," a record that included a series of major investigations into lobbies and Governmental subsidies.

Despite his critics' charges, Black has proved himself to be one of the most liberal elements on the Supreme Court. For more than a decade now, he has energetically supported the rights of minorities, white and black, the Constitutional requirements of a fair trial for criminal defendants, and the true freedoms of speech, press, and religion. It is altogether fitting that John P. Frank, a professor of law at Indiana University and erstwhile Black law clerk, has assembled, primarily for lay consumption, a collection of significant Black opinions. Coupled with a brief biographical sketch, they furnish the grist for a partial revaluation of Hugo Black. The hundred or so pages devoted to Black's life are interesting and, admittedly, necessary to an establishment of the proper perspective, but it is the opinions themselves that expose Black's inestimable contributions to liberal thought. In this sense, Black has written this book.

Frank has selected only thirty-four of Black's more than 300 majority and dissenting opinions. They make good reading. While they lack the epigrammatic quality of Holmes's or the glowing eloquence of Cardozo's, they amply illustrate the clarity of thinking and the appreciation of concise, simple prose that have marked Black's public career.

It is far too early to judge adequately Mr. Justice Black's contributions to law and government. Certainly, his view that the Fourteenth Amendment extended the protection of the Bill of Rights against state as well as Federal action may change the pattern of Constitutional law.

On the personal side, perhaps the best indication of Black's caliber as a man can be found in his courageous refusal to answer publicly Justice Jackson's spiteful and undignified letter to the Judiciary Committees of Congress in 1946, in which he accused Black of wrongfully hearing a case argued by a former law partner. Black's silence spoke far more eloquently than his colleague's irresponsible attack.

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Robust Chatelaine of the Boxer Estate

ENGLAND TO ME. By Emily Hahn. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1949. 271 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

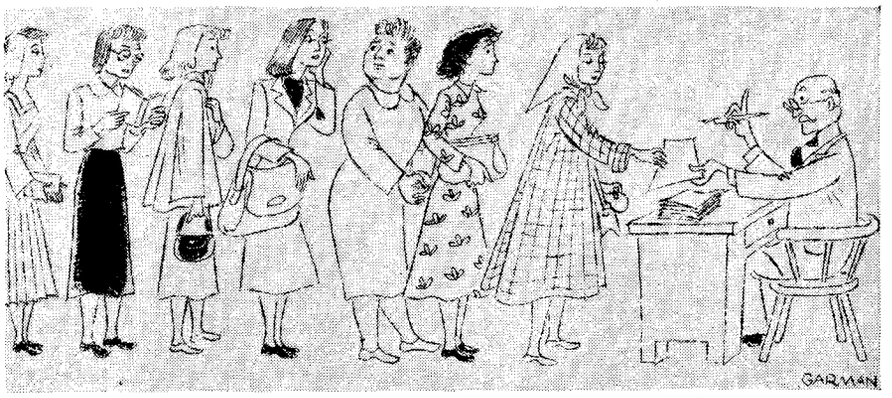
THIS is more like it. This is the Emily Hahn of "China to Me" and "Hong Kong Holiday." She is back on the track again after straying off with "Miss Jill," the pale lost lily out of mind who peddled her fragile charms up and down the China coast. Wistfulness and the brave, sad smile are not for Miss Hahn. She is the robust type, sharp of eye and tongue, past mistress of the earthy phrase, and one of America's less reticent autobiographers. She is her old self again when she talks of her adventures as the wife of that most patient of Englishmen, Major Charles Boxer.

The new year, then, is off to a merry start. "England to Me" is Miss Hahn's personal—very personal—chronicle of life at Conygar, the ancestral (three generations) Boxer estate in Dorset. When the Major, as the author refers to him, brought her and their small daughter Carola to the old homestead, Miss Hahn found herself face to face with nettles, plumbing, Labor's Food Control Office, and the Cliftons. The elderly Cliftons had managed all three generations of Conygar Boxers. They stood for the English Way and no nonsense. Little old Mrs. Clifton was a demon housekeeper; she kept the bills down and the Boxers with them.

As chatelaine of a country place in austerity England, Miss Hahn was mostly in a state. "You can't," she fumed, "square off and kick a house in the pants." Her gregarious hospitality strained Conygar's capacity. Her cosmopolitan taste in guests did the same to its nerves. Servants came, squabbled, and left. Captious visitors from many lands turned a stately abode into a madhouse.

Amid the tantrums, the tears, and the threats of accouchement that harassed the menage, scholarly Major Boxer tried to devote himself to his seventeenth-century Portuguese books. He did not always succeed. An Englishman's house is not his castle but a goldfish bowl, if his wife is Emily Hahn. The Major did not even succeed in keeping the pitcher and basin tradition of bedroom décor. True, his wife conceded him victory in what she calls the Battle of the Eiderdown. Readers, in this issue, will hotly choose sides.

Meat rationing being what it is in England, the voice of the chicken is heard in the land about Conygar. Even the story of Fitzroy, the family terrier, is dominated by the cackle of poultry. The chapter called "Australian in the Henhouse" is a Dorset "Egg and I," the "I" being a certain Lorraine from Down Under. Her first egg was a smooth brown triumph in Conygar's postwar strategy of living off the land. With cheerful hot breakfasts and sympathetic regard for their privacy, Lorraine got the hens to cooperate in an impressive production program. There was a catch, of course. The Boxer household regarded eggs as an expendable commodity, whereas Lorraine treasured them as collector's items.



—From the bookjacket.

"England to Me" is a pediatrician's nightmare. Baby Ian, Eurasian son of a neurotic Chinese mother, runs amuck through all the rules of infant diet and hygiene. Luis, the little Portuguese aristocrat, is so nagged, dosed, and vitamined that he is surely headed for early hypochondria or juvenile delinquency—or both. As for Carola, now six, her prattling is silenced by a maternal "Shut up!" and her rearing serves as excuse for a running domestic dispute between her parents. "No six-year-old ought to have good manners," declares Miss Hahn, telling her husband off. Let the Parent-Teacher Association take it from there.

Miss Hahn, who must be Bobby Clark's literary sister, is a genius at hilarious confusion. She keeps the Dorset countryside in a spin from which the Hands-Across-the-Sea idea does not emerge intact. She interprets Labor's 1946-47 coal shortage in terms of the Hahn chilblains and the bursting waterpipes that are forever England. England's housewives might conceivably forgive her unkindness toward their cooking. When they read what she says about their hairdos, however, they will reach for their rolling pins or whatever native weapons are point-free. Rationing, socialized medicine, and now Emily Hahn! How much can a proud people stand?

Pragmatic Critic

THE GREAT DR. BURNEY. By Percy A. Scholes. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. Vol. I, 419 pp. Vol. II, 452 pp. $19.

Reviewed by ROLAND GELATT

PAROCHIALISM is seldom a charge to be leveled against an eighteenth-century man, and assuredly the criticism can never be directed at Dr. Charles Burney, who we now learn counts for considerably more than a mere historian of music. Burney's life, his circle of friends, his scope of learning were each all-embracing. Consider his very dates, 1726-1814, and the musical revolution they encompass. As a young London organist, Burney formed a friendship with Handel. In the 1770's, after receiving an Oxford doctorate, Burney made two extensive tours on the Continent, meeting almost every European composer of consequence and acquainting himself with the new symphonic style then burgeoning in Germany and Italy. Twenty years later, with the exhaustive "History of Music" behind him, he became an intimate and warm admirer of Josef Haydn when that composer, then at the peak of his powers, spent a total of three years concertizing in London. And twenty years after that, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, we find the good doctor still busying himself with the latest in musical happenings, so that he heard (and enjoyed) not only the middle period works of Beethoven but also took part in the revival of interest in Johann Sebastian Bach.

The temporal limits of Burney's musical experience, however, show but one facet of a rounded personality. Of his close literary companions one can give an inkling by mentioning Johnson, Garrick, and Mrs.

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Thrale. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke considered him their good friend. As an amateur astronomer he worked in collaboration with Sir William Herschel. He was the father of a large and illustrious brood which included an explorer-author, Admiral James Burney, and a famous novelist and diarist, the orotund Fanny. On the Continent he met and easily held his own with Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, Metastasio, and Gluck. With George III and the royal family he was on terms of easy acquaintance.

Given such ingredients much can be done, and Dr. Scholes has risen to the occasion. Ours being an age impatient of discursive writing and indifferent to antiquarian investigation, the biography of Burney by the late Percy Scholes can hardly hope for more in the literary market-place than a *succés d'èstime*. All the more reason, then, to proclaim it as a work of genial wit, manifold interest, and wide cultural ken. Scholes, who spent twenty years in its compilation, has written a biography in the finest English tradition: replete with allusion and anecdote, delightfully personal in approach, eminently non-pedantic in its rambling contours and agreeable digressions.

The eighteenth-century aura, which makes Burney such an intriguing biographical personality, is less admirable when we consider him as an historian and critic of music. Being a good citizen of the Age of Enlightenment, Burney held that the history of music represented a slow, steady process of evolution leading up to the culmination of Georgian taste and refinement. This attitude, though it resulted in an extraordinary appreciation of contemporary music, led to a patronizing and distorted view of that great corpus of polyphonic composition, which was in the Burneyan cosmos distinctly *démodé*.

Dr. Scholes fortunately cares not a whit. He comes to chronicle Burney, not to praise him. And what a rich, varied story it is! The detailed account of Burney's European tours will in itself recommend the book to any fancier of travel lore. The chapter on Burney's erratic contributions to Rees's "Cyclopedia" is a delightful account of editorial eccentricity in days when prim efficiency held no special virtue. But best of all are the author's divagations, those happy asides where a character is introduced merely because he is a "character," or a tale is told for the sheer joy of its telling. In such fashion does Dr. Scholes rekindle the vitality and style of his hero's milieu. Here are two handsome volumes which will provide engaging diversion.

Americana. *The brace of books reviewed below reflect life in parts of the United States as different as the flats along the Charles River and the heights of Pike's Peak. In "The Big Divide," David Lavender celebrates a section—the Rocky Mountain region—that has been the subject of few memorable volumes; Bernard De Voto's epic of the year 1848, "Across the Wide Missouri," and "Timberline," Gene Fowler's rollicking saga of the fabulous place that was Denver at the turn of the century, are among those that come most readily to mind. Rollo Walter Brown's nostalgic "Harvard Yard in the Golden Age" treats a scene more familiar to literature and literary men. Here Brown depicts Harvard College in the era that came between the "Education" of Henry Adams and George Weller's excellent novel "Not to Eat, Not for Love."*

What's Going On in the Rockies

THE BIG DIVIDE. By David Lavender. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 321 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

THIS is a hop-skip-and-jump history of the Rockies, by a writer who in his flights through the mountain air generally has his feet under him and practically always comes down on solid ground. Briskly written, reflecting a lively curiosity about all sorts of things and a vigorous interest in all kinds of people, full of down - to - the - minute information about what is going on in the Rockies, Mr. Lavender's book is a handsome addition to our regional histories.

Although "The Big Divide" deals generally with the two slopes of the Continental Divide, from Yellowstone to Santa Fe, including by extension the country as far west as the eastern rim of the Great Basin in Utah, mainly Mr. Lavender concerns himself with Colorado. That is all to the good, for he knows what he is talking about. Born in Telluride in 1910, he has "cleaned pens in the Denver Union Stockyards, operated a hoist in the Camp Bird Mine above Ouray, Colorado, lost a cattle ranch to a bank, and made a number of first ascents of Colorado and Wyoming peaks." He has also got an education at Princeton, learned the tough disciplines that must underlie the writing of history, and written "One Man's West," an engaging autobiographical account of a region sadly neglected in letters, southwestern Colorado.

Roughly half of the book is devoted to a rapid account of the men of all races, nationalities, interests, occupations, and faiths, who explored and settled the West. In this swift hither-and-yon narrative, which ranges picturesquely over New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, Mr. Lavender is sure-footed and alert to all the recent research done in the field; it is principally important, however, as setting the stage for the real meat of his book, the lively topical chapters dealing with the eventual white "solution" of the Indian problem; silver mining past and present; the marvelous era of wagon-roads and narrow-gauge railroad building over, around, and through Colorado's peaks; sheep and cattle raising (though he declines to commit himself on the tumultuous argument now going on between stockmen and conservationists); the perpetual agonizing of the West for more water; the growth of tourism; the pleasures of mountain climbing; and the now endemic winter sports developments.

Although as an historian Mr. Lavender diplays due skepticism, he is not one to scorn a good story. For instance, the miner who one winter killed and ate five companions. Legend puts proper thunder in the mouth of the stanch Democratic judge who passed sentence: "Packer, you depraved Re-

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publican son of a such-and-such, there were only five Democrats in Hinsdale County, and you ate them all!" And there is a fine yarn about "Mazeppa," that engrossing melodrama in which the star titillated her audiences by thundering across the stage strapped to the back of a spirited steed, wearing little more than the horse. For Miss Fanny Buckingham's Leadville performance, a docile milk-wagon horse was pressed into service. A forethoughted miner took with him to the performance a strident fish horn, and at the critical moment a blast of the fish horn summoned the fiery charger to halt for a milk delivery. Miss Buckingham's frantic kicks goaded the animal on another step, but the peremptory fish horn brought it to an irretrievable halt while the audience voiced its uproarious appreciation of Miss Buckingham's form divine. There ensued strong words in which Miss Buckingham departed from the script, and the curtain came tumbling down.

Mr. Lavender has a fine fund of yarns like this to salt his narrative. But let us render one plaintive objection. There is such a thing as a style too bright and brisk; when men are incessantly "gophering" here and "beavering" there and "puddling" somewhere else, the reader's patience eventually gets sandpapered to a precarious thinness. Let's take it a little easier next time, Mr. Lavender, O.K.?

Dale L. Morgan is author of "The Great Salt Lake" and "Humbolt, Highroad of the West."

Great Ones on the Crimson Faculty

HARVARD YARD IN THE GOLDEN AGE. By Rollo Walter Brown. New York: A. A. Wyn. 1948. 208 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD STREETER

MOST of us have a comfortable tendency to forget the painful and unpleasant things in our past experience. As the years roll up we tend, more and more, to think of our early lives as having been enacted against the back drop of a Golden Age which changing conditions have, unfortunately, erased from the board forever.

In most instances the fallacy of our reasoning is obvious even while we cling to it. Improbable as it may seem to us, our sons will doubtless grow similarly nostalgic about the age through which we are now passing. On the other hand, to those who were fortunate enough to be undergraduates at Harvard during the decade before World War I, Rollo Walter Brown's book gives authenticity to that period of our illusion at least.

In a series of brilliant profiles of the teachers who made Harvard a unique experience to so many, he has recreated the flavor of those stable, colorful days in such a way as to put every old grad from 1900 to 1914 in his debt. To them the book is a Harvardiana must.

They were truly an extraordinary group—Dean Briggs, George Lyman Kittredge, Charles Eliot Norton, George Herbert Palmer, George P. Baker, Josiah Royce, Nathaniel Shaler, "Copey," George Santayana, Hugo Münsterberg, and many others—perhaps the most gifted group of educators and individualistic thinkers who have ever come together on one campus.

During the years since World War I their places must have been taken by other men with equally brilliant minds—Harvard's present position in the educational field makes this obvious. The puzzling thing is, however, that they no longer stand out as individuals. This new group appears to work with an anonymous efficiency. Have they become absorbed into the more complex machinery of an expanded university? Or have the always self-effacing scientists supplemented the giants of the liberal arts under the urge of atomic research?

My classmate President Conant might suggest that the writer has become so absorbed making his living that he has lost touch with Harvard. My reply could only be that he is, of course, right, but I seem to remember that these men, of whom Rollo Brown writes, cast their shadows across the nation and across the Atlantic. It is difficult to see similar shadows today.

Harvard did not, of course, face the same problems during those early years of the century. Economic riddles were then things which Professor Taussig solved with the greatest of ease in the lecture hall—not daily headaches to be groaned over by everyone from the President to the lowliest freshman. The international skies were unclouded—at least to our gullible eyes. High-speed transportation was in the undreamed future. The world was simple, peaceful, and unhurried. The atmosphere was ripe for individualism.

Each reader of this little book, and there should be many, will of course, be attracted to the sketches of the men whom he knew best. Those of the vintage of 1914 will have a particular interest in the chapters on "Copey" and Professor Kittredge and Dean Briggs. Incidentally, in his appraisal of "Copey" Mr. Brown draws an unusually frank and rounded portrait of this beloved, brilliant, and unpredictable man which is summarized in the quotation from Henry Ware Eliot's "Harvard Celebrities":

> If wit and madness be as like as Pope and others tell
> Then Copey by the merest squeak escapes the padded cell.

"And every Copey disciple," adds Mr. Brown, "knew that Eliot was

—*From "Harvard & Cambridge: A Sketch Book."*

"Harvard Yard."

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right. The fundamental truth was there: Copey was full of wit—of his own special brand. Or, "if it could not always be called wit, it could be called whatever one liked. It was the expression of Copey."

His chapter on Dean Briggs is aptly titled "A Modest Man" and his description of the gentle, hardworking, embarrassed dean, winding his thin body around doorposts and radiators, is one that every Harvard man who knew him will read with delight. Of all the men who appear through the pages of this book Dean Briggs alone was loved and admired without admixture of fear or awe. He was in truth great through meekness.

Mr. Brown has wisely added a final chapter giving recognition to some of the other Great Ones in this remarkable faculty whose full portrait he has not drawn. We wish that he might have included some of them—Bliss Perry, for example, who brushed aside our apathy and made the sequence of words vital and exciting—and the Elizabethan Wendell whose propensity for removing his glasses, putting them in his pocket, pulling them out again, and replacing them on his nose created a daily pool among the irreverent in the back rows—top limit a quarter. Or Sachs or Greenough or Hurlburt or Forbes—it was indeed a golden age in the Harvard Yard which Rollo Walter Brown has reconstructed with fidelity and charm.

Edward Streeter is author of World War I's "Dere Mable" and the forthcoming "Father of the Bride."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 290

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 290 will be found in the next issue.

EWCVLKE LWQXMRHMQLMX

KGM YNM AMKLWQX WU

UWWEX KQB YNM AMKLWQX

WU IVXM PMQ.—Y. N. NHTEMZ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 289

Pluck takes us into a difficulty, nerve brings us out of it. Both are comprised in the noble quality we call valor.

—MELVILLE.

NEW EDITIONS

THE thirteen volumes of Parkman's "France and England in North America" compose a work that lends itself to successful abridgment, as is proved by John Tebbel's skilful reduction of the whole to a single volume of some 750 pages, entitled "The Battle for North America" (Doubleday, $7.50). This tale of courage, cruelty, and conflict is a model of lucidity and expository talent, in which the occasional flights of sober eloquence are always justified and perfectly controlled. Beginning with the first French adventurers and colonists, Parkman traces the history of New France through the careers of its heroic Jesuits, its explorers, administrators, and soldiers—men like Jean de Brébeuf, La Salle, Frontenac, and Montcalm—and narrates, chapter by chapter, the events of the irrepressible conflict which became a struggle for a continent, and which was concluded only in the course of the eighteenth-century's deadliest war It was a conclusion which, ousting France from North America, made our Revolution feasible. So this is history that every American should know; and readers of Parkman, abridged or not, will discover that this duty may be combined with pleasure.

John Collier's "Indians of the Americas" (Pelican Mentor, 35¢) touches briefly on the part played by the Iroquois nations and other native tribes in the French-English struggle, and enables the reader to view the North American Indians within their hemispheric setting and against the background of Inca and Aztec culture. Mr. Collier has an almost mystical belief in the message which Indian society holds for us, and he goes so far as to declare, rather amazingly, that the Iroquois social achievement was one "which well may stand today as the most brilliant creation in the record of man."

Among those who argued that England had no interest in keeping French power alive on the American continent, as a check to colonial independence, was Benjamin Franklin. That the colonies would ever unite against the mother country was, he argued, not merely improbable but impossible; unless, he added, such a union were made possible by "most grievous tyranny and oppression." His sincerity in this argument, and in the assurance that Americans were destined to remain an agricultural people who would never rival England in manufactures, is attested by Carl Van Doren in his thorough, solid biography "Benjamin Franklin" (World Publishing Co., $2.49), which, in company with "Benjamin Franklin's Autobiographical Writings" (World, $1.49), edited by Mr. Van Doren, presents an invaluable full-length portrait and history of one of the greatest of all Americans—of whom it may be said: "Whoever learns about his deeds remembers longest the man who did them."

"Virginia Reader" (Dutton $5), edited by Francis Coleman Rosenberger, reminds us—if reminder is needed—of the mighty part played by Virginia's citizens in the building of our nation. The "great generation" "the cocked hats," "architects of Revolution and Union," are well represented in this pleasing anthology, edited with useful notes. Before them march discoverers and colonists, and after come their heirs and successors, even unto the generations of James Branch Cabell and Karl Schapiro.

Leaders in nation-building, Virginians were also leaders in the War Between the States; and one of them was preeminent. For a comparatively brief military history of that fateful conflict, Fletcher Pratt's "Ordeal by Fire" (Sloane, $5) may be unreservedly recommended. I say "military" history, because Mr. Pratt spends most of his time in the field, giving only a necessary minimum of attention to characters, forces, and events operative behind the lines. He is a sure guide through strategical and tactical tangles, and it is good to have this book restored to circulation, with the helpful addition of Rafael Palacios's battle maps.

In another version of the Civil War, and one that promises to live, poetry gives wings to fact, while romance, comedy, and tragedy mingle. This version is "John Brown's Body," by Stephen Vincent Benét, now available in a high-and-wide-and-handsome Heritage edition ($5), illustrated by John Steuart Curry. . . . Three books that are all as American as pumpkin pie, despite their differences, are Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" (Heritage, $5; or Pocket Books, 25¢), "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (Rinehart, 75¢), and Thoreau's "Walden" (Rinehart, 75¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Seeing Things

INSPIRED MADNESS

TO THE jokesters "the little man who wasn't there" has long been a stock figure. In the theatre, night after night, and week after week, the big thing that isn't there is apt to be imagination. Its lack, however, is no joke. We come to our playhouses, season in and season out, summoned by the hope that we will find it. As poor substitutes for it, we often encounter competence, slickness, and the same old things said well enough in the same old tired, literal ways. But imagination, the kind of imagination which is quickeningly at work in "The Madwoman of Chaillot,"* is a rarity, and trebly welcome for that very reason.

That the world is in a bad way; that nothing is free, including the fruits of a fruitful earth; that men, who could be happy, condemn themselves to unhappiness by their lust for power and money; that the good, harmless, joy-loving people are frequently trampled upon by the cruel, the conscienceless, or the avaricious; and that love is the essential emotion for blissful living—all of these are, as observations, commonplace enough to be dismissed as bromides. At least they are when so phrased. Yet they are all made to seem as new and diverting in Jean Giraudoux's dramatic statement of them as if they had never been put into words before.

Coleridge defined imagination as the "modifying power." This is a talent Giraudoux possessed to a remarkable degree. It remains the beguiling source of his strength, the fountainhead of the fun and stimulation he provides in "The Madwoman of Chaillot." If the stage sustained a loss when he died four years ago, it is because he was blessed with this transforming gift. Both as an observer of human behavior and as a thinker, he was an alchemist. When seen through his eyes, the mundane regains its wonder, the expected becomes unpredictable.

The basic truths are simple and no doubt as limited in number as the basic plot ideas. Like these plot ideas, however, they are capable of being expressed in an infinite variety of forms. The originality of the result depends in either case upon the originality of the mind dealing with them. Let an intellect as unconventional as Giraudoux's come to grips with the stalest of notions, and these notions are bound to emerge all glittering as if freshly minted.

In "The Madwoman of Chaillot," which New York has at last been permitted to see because of Alfred de Liagre's courage as a producer, Giraudoux is writing in a manner decidedly his own about a sorry universe which (in his script at any rate) is easily bettered. His scene is Paris—a Paris as different from the city most Parisians know as is William Saroyan's Fresno from the town known to the less fanciful people who dwell there.

It is a Paris endangered by the presidents of crooked corporations. They are dishonest and unsentimental men who, in their search for oil, are determined to dig up and destroy the city. These unscrupulous profiteers, however, are thwarted by the mad countess who gives the play its name. From the King of the Sewer Men she learns that in the cellar where she lives there is a secret door which opens on steps leading deep into the bowels of the earth. It is down this oubliette that she sends not only the hopeful profiteers but their press agents and their molls. Then—presto—she springs the trap. And the world, because of this good riddance, becomes instantly a better, happier, more habitable place.

The means whereby Giraudoux's countess disposes of "the pimps who little by little have taken over the world" may seem as uncomplicated as those by which the Pied Piper rid Hamelin of its rats and robbed it of its children. But do not be misled by the simplicity of Giraudoux's basic story into thinking that "The Madwoman of Chaillot" must be a simple little allegory. Its real action lies in its surprising and incessant play of mind. It is centered in the delectable and unforeseeable fashion in which it makes sense by standing sense on its head, and achieves sanity by toying deliciously with madness.

GIRAUDOUX writes with a love for man, a faith in his goodness, and an understanding of his hunger for happiness every bit as radiant as Mr. Saroyan's. In essence he may be saying in "The Madwoman of Chaillot" what Mr. Saroyan said with a dewy magic of his own in "My Heart's in the Highlands." Furthermore, he may be saying it in much the same terms of the misfits and the oddities of the

—*Talbot.*

Nydia Westman, Estelle Winwood, and Martita Hunt "speak, however irrationally, with the sweet voice of reason."

* *THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT, by Jean Giraudoux. Adapted by Maurice Valency. Directed by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Settings and costumes by Christian Berard. Lighting by Sam Leve. Presented by Mr. de Liagre. With a cast including Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, Nydia Westman, Doris Rich, Clarence Derwent, Vladimir Sokoloff, John Carradine, James Westerfield, Martin Kosleck, etc. At the Belasco. Opened December 27, 1948.*

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face. Yet, though Giraudoux's heart is fully as sizable as Mr. Saroyan's, it becomes clear in no time that his intellect is roomier; far, far roomier.

He is as sophisticated as Mr. Saroyan is naive, and as much an expression of the decencies surviving in a disillusioned Old World as Mr. Saroyan is of the unfaded and youthful virtues of the New. Where Mr. Saroyan, so to speak, may have been brought up on Maxfield Parrish and Pollyanna, Giraudoux has plainly been exposed to Toulouse-Lautrec and Proust. Even so, his belief in man's goodness and dependence upon the wealth he carries within himself is untarnished.

Giraudoux's sharp Gallic mind protects his fantasy from the sentimentalities which might easily destroy it. His wit offers his comedy an identical protection. So, too, does the fact that, in a very French way, he is blessed with something of that genius for sensible nonsense and inspired topsy-turvydom which Lewis Carroll could claim and which is the glory and delight of "Alice."

Like many another, Giraudoux appears to suggest that, in a world as mad as our own, sanity may well be the possession of the insane rather than the sane. Certainly, it is the countess and her no less daffy crones from three other Parisian *quartiers* who speak, however irrationally, with the sweet voice of reason in "The Madwoman of Chaillot." If the countess has her followers; if the waiters, the street singer, the flower girl, the ragpicker, the shoe-lace peddler, and the gendarmes at a cafe in Chaillot compose her court, and despise the profiteers, it is because she has never lost her love of life or her respect for, and interest in, those with whom she comes in contact. Addlepated she may be but dangerous she is not.

She lives by her illusions, allowing others to be nourished by theirs. Does her friend, the madwoman of Passy, prefer to think that her dog, Dickie, is still alive? Very well. The countess is perfectly willing to enter into the spirit of the game and pretend to believe, in the most hilarious and maddest tea-party given since the Dormouse, the March Hare, and a certain Hatter entertained Alice, that poor dead Dickie, though as invisible as Harvey, is present, begging for attention, pleading to be taken up on someone's lap.

Is the news in the daily journals depressing? Not to the countess. Her solution is a brilliant one which she advises her friends to follow. She reads a newspaper every day, but always the same faded copy of the same old paper. It is one she chose because, instead of frightening her with all the

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news that's fit to print, it brings her just such stories as she finds pleasant to peruse. This may mean that she is somewhat out of touch. Nonetheless it keeps her cheerful.

"What a funny watch!" remarked Alice, when the March Hare had taken it out of his pocket, looked at it, dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice, we are told, felt dreadfully puzzled. "The Hatter's remark seemed to have no meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. 'I don't understand,' she said as politely as she could."

Unquestionably, there are those who, Alice-wise, will be dreadfully puzzled, if not downright irritated, by "The Madwoman of Chaillot." The violent division in opinion between New York's morning reviewers (who praised it highly) and evening reviewers (who damned it roundly) indictates the heat of the discussions it is bound to provoke.

It is not everyone's play. This is one of its virtues. If it were everyone's play in the sense, say, that "Born Yesterday" is, that "Harvey" is, that "Edward, My Son" is, or, for that matter, that "Mister Roberts" is, it would not, could not, possess its unique merits as an adventurous and imaginative work. One thing seems clear. However much it may annoy those allergic to it, it will occupy a very special place in the affections and respect of the many whose play, and kind of play, it is.

Much as I admire and enjoyed "The Madwoman of Chaillot," and grateful as I am to Mr. de Liagre for having been able to see it, I cannot pretend to think the full quality of Giraudoux's script has as yet been projected in the New York production. For American consumption, the text still needs cutting. The first act is slow in getting under way. The oil men talk far longer than is necessary to communicate the drollery of Giraudoux's idea. The sidewalk characters at the cafe are not only too stiffly grouped but remain Americans pretending to be Parisians without having been translated in spirit. Yet, once the madwoman has entered, the production leaps into life.

That life, brilliant and fascinating, lasts, save for the brief interruption of the dream scene in which the countess sees her former lover in the young man she is protecting, until the end of an evening that is as different as it is delightful. Beyond question it is there—irresistibly there—in James Westerfield's playing of the king of the Sewer Men. Certainly, it is present —wonderfully present—in every giddy and glorious moment of the mad tea party given by the countess for her three crazy friends.

Moviegoers cannot have forgotten Martita Hunt's Miss Havisham in "Great Expectations." Nor are theatre-goers apt to forget her madwoman of Chaillot. She is as haunting as Toulouse-Lautrec's Madame Lender, whom she so closely resembles. She is a harridan, chalk-pale of face and crowned with mounds of dyed red hair, who is dressed from a trunk in the attic. Yet she is a queen, too. Her manner is both imperious and gracious. She may wander into the land of the living from the realm of the dead, but she brings life with her. Her being so odd a spokesman for it only makes her the more persuasive. Estelle Winwood's madwoman from Passy is equally arresting as a fantastic creation. If the superbly stylized and selective settings by Christian Berard which Mr. de Liagre has imported from Paris are to the needs and mood of Giraudoux's play what John Tenniel's drawings are to "Alice," so, too, are the performances of these two gifted women.

"Probably 'The Madwoman of Chaillot' ought to be rehearsed by a company of well-blended geniuses for a year before the curtain is raised for the public," wrote Brooks Atkinson in the *Times*. No doubt, in an ideal world it would be. There are not many recent scripts worthy of such devotion. In my opinion "The Madwoman of Chaillot" is one of the most interesting and rewarding plays to have been written within the last twenty years. Mr. Atkinson is right when he says "what we have is not perfect." But with him I agree that what Mr. de Liagre has enabled us to enjoy is "original, inspired, and high-minded, and also a creative work of art." That is something; indeed a great, great deal; and another proof of how welcome imagination is on those rare occasions when it blazes behind the footlights.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

FOOTLIGHTS AND HIGHLIGHTS. By Crosby Gaige. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 320 *pp.* $4.

A veteran Broadway producer looks back on a half century of expansive enjoyment of life, beginning with his apprenticeship as play agent for Elizabeth Marbury when fresh from Columbia, through his association with the Selwyns, his mercurial career as an independent producer and winner of Pulitzer awards, his bankruptcy and farewell to Forty-second Street in 1946, his successful carving of new avocations as connoisseur of fine wines, food, and books and as a publisher of literary rarities on his own Watch Hill Press. An intimate glimpse of celebrities by "the boy from Skunk Hollow," as Nelson, N. Y., is known to its residents, told with wit and charm.

THEATRE WORLD. Edited by Daniel Blum. New York: Theatre World. 1948. 224 *pp.* $3.50.

Fourth annual compendium of statistics covering the Broadway theatre season from June 1, 1947, to June 1, 1948, copiously illustrated with photographs of leading actors and scenes from productions. Full casts and credits, from producer to stage manager, supplement digests of plays. Designed as a professional source of theatrical research, "Theatre World" also includes notes on Equity Library and off-Broadway presentations, the Chicago season, summer theatre tryouts, biographies of leading players, producers, directors, designers, and choreographers, and obituaries. —R. G.

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DEFOE—AN ISLAND AND A PLAGUE

(*Continued from page* 10)

rather than read for pleasure. It is probably the greatest fake document of its length in all literature; and even for a writer who was always trying to make fiction sound like fact, it is a superb tour de force.

To be sure, it gets a great deal of support from history; is, in fact, very nearly true. Its account of the plague probably resembles the real plague far more than Crusoe's adventures resemble Selkirk's. There were actual documents for Defoe to draw on, there were his own early recollections and the many first-hand accounts he must have heard from childhood. Even as a document, the "Plague Year" is no doubt a very good guide, true in all essentials and historical in most details. But the point is that Defoe made of his account a seamless whole, and we shall never know how much of it is fiction and how much is fact.

In any case, the picture it provides is an indelible one; the almost droning clinical manner, the countless statistics, the ceaseless examples all operating in its favor. The effect is the more awful because no effect seems aimed after; as when somebody tells a particularly gruesome story in a particularly flat voice. Furthermore, it is only this flat voice, this matter-of-fact manner, that sustains the length of the book; if it were at all high-pitched, if it used any of the standard devices for being dramatic or pathetic or horrifying, it would soon become a mere melodrama of hideousness, and at length a downright anti-climax of woes. As it is, by making no emotional demands on us, Defoe can pack in an extraordinary amount of physical detail. We are not asked to care deeply about his victims; they die like flies without ever having lived as people. Today, moreover, the horror of the epidemic is somewhat mitigated for us by the remoteness of the disease; and though the awful "tokens" have a fearsome quality still, we can read about the plague with an equanimity we should hardly possess reading about a terrible fictional epidemic of, say, infantile paralysis.

If the personal stories of agony and death, the accounts of entire households and streets and boroughs being laid low, the narratives of frantic and belated migration, the night-lighted pictures of mass burial—if these have not quite the impact of the greatest literature, one and all have the interest of brilliantly graphic journalism. Only in a few places, I think, is one deeply touched; only in a few more truly terrified; but there is hardly a page without something to absorb or appall one, and there are whole stretches—late in the book as well as early—when one is altogether fascinated. That the book as a whole is too long, too loaded with statistics, too studded with examples, too repetitive of facts, too sauntering of movement, may show want of discretion but is yet evidence of art: Defoe gives us more than we need so as to give the book a supreme verisimilitude, an air past all doubt of being a genuine document. I am sure that if we did not know this was fiction we would never suspect it to be. But knowing it, we do tend to find it just a touch too clever for its own good; there are places here, as in almost all Defoe's writing, where we—I am not sure that the metaphor is original—smell out the confidence man in him, and find him so plausible as to be specious. Defoe's marvelous factuality, his wonderful imagination about anything unimaginative, enables him to do superlatively what, in a man of high talent, is not quite, perhaps, worth doing at all. And in the end his very clear-sightedness, his 20-20 literary vision, comes to seem a mild form of distortion in itself; we feel that all this is so, but that this is not all. Nobody is better to read than Defoe when one has had one's fill of ecstasy or even emotion; but after a great stretch of him one is glad for the books that do offer laughter and tears.

Louis Kronenberger, drama critic for Time, *is author of "Kings and Desperate Men." This article serves as the introduction to the Modern Library edition of "Robinson Crusoe and A Journal of the Plague Year."*

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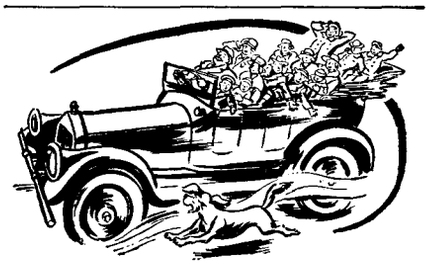

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— CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

AH, FLA.

AFTER all that pleasant pre-season talk about how easy it was going to be to get railroad space to Florida this winter, the cold war of the reservations has finally broken out into the open. Just before Christmas the Interstate Commerce Commission began hearings in New York to probe the alleged black marketing in tickets. The proceedings proved interesting, if fruitless, and will be continued in Miami on January 24, and in Los Angeles February 28. Why the board has chosen Los Angeles as a battleground was not made quite clear.

What was termed as a "cross-section of travelers who customarily go to Florida in winter" passed in front of the committee and recounted the usual stories of how porters, hotel bellhops, and depot personnel are all party to a sinister black market in sleeping-car accommodations. One New Yorker testified that he got his sick wife on a southbound train last year only after he parted with $35 in excess of the regular fare. The bonus allegedly went to a uniformed railroad employee. From Miami there was a dispatch that Florida scalpers had already bought up huge blocks of return space, and that visitors returning north would be forced to pay premiums up to $50.

The railroads, I hasten to point out, weren't accepting this version of the story at all. A Mr. Vanderbilt Armold, who is chairman of the Trunk Line-Central Passenger Committee of the Traffic Executive Association-Eastern Railroads (whew!) sent this department a dispatch which purported that no black market or "any evidence of collusion between railroad employees and tourist agents or hotel porters" existed. The Pennsylvania also sent around a note in which it revealed that it has had a regular platoon of private eyes on the payroll since 1943, and all the boys could uncover, from among 800 cases investigated, were seventeen violations.

Furthermore, the railroads added in collective voice, most of the trouble was accruing from large corporations who were buying blocks of Pullman space, presumably for business reasons, and canceling what they didn't need at the last minute. One Pennsylvania RR official stated that Westinghouse Electric bought $7,000 worth of rail space each month, and canceled about forty per cent of it two days or less before departure time. Why the firms were in need of blocks of southbound space for business reasons at the peak of the Florida vacation season was not brought out in the hearing.

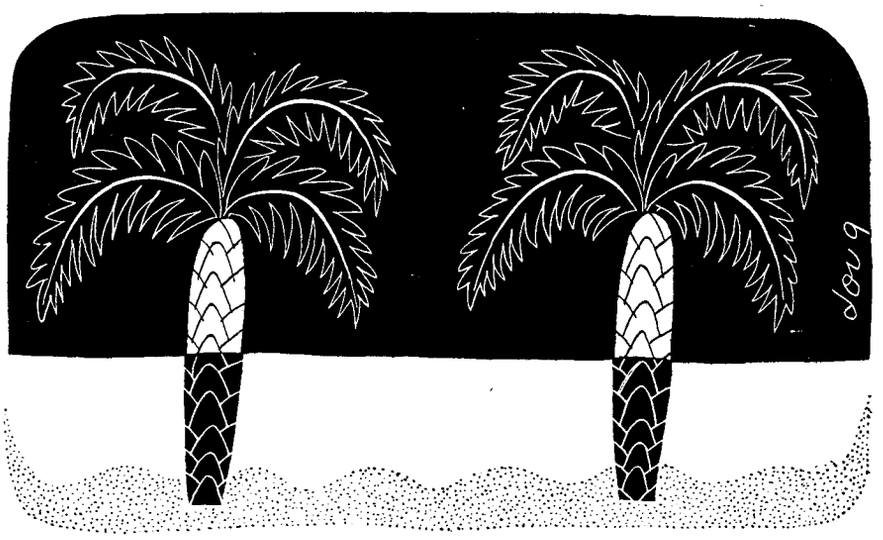
Whatever the cause, the effect of late cancellations was obviously considerable. Pennsylvania says that from December 12 through March 14 last year its Florida trains ran with well over one-quarter of their Pullman space vacant.

In their final defensive argument the railroads said that actually plenty of space for this season was still on hand in upper and lower berths, a type of accommodation which the public is refusing. The traveler has been primed to accept nothing less than a roomette or a drawing room, and sufficient new equipment to meet the need has not yet been delivered. The public having seen the Train of Tomorrow, the plans for Train X, and perhaps having taken a peek at the way Buck Rogers rides around in the Twenty-first Century, is no longer content to rattle around in an upper or lower berth. In the sleek ads and the high-pressure promotion touting anticipated postwar innovations the railroads have apparently built themselves a Frankenstein's monster.

Actually only about twenty-seven per cent of the Florida travelers are affected by the rail space black market; the rest come by plane and private car. There is, I might add, not much doubt in Miami Beach that the number of visitors this season—no matter how they come—will be considerable. In mid-November there were nineteen new hotels and a million-dollar nightclub going up on the Beach, most of which opened for the season by Christmas. The nightclub called Copa City, a fantastic cavern designed by Norman Bel Geddes, was built out of the ground in twelve weeks. It opened with Milton Berle ahead of schedule. The new hotels this year feature such rakish improvements as flying aluminum bridges, plate-glass walls, air conditioning in every room. Hotels built two and three years ago look Victorian by comparison. Prices in the beachfront hotels, Victorian or Miami Beach-*avant-garde*, are all as modern as tomorrow's cost of living. From now until the middle of March, when the season begins to slacken, they will ask between $25 and $45 a day for two, without food.

Life and prices are considerably more sedate over in the environs of St. Petersburg, which no less an authority than the American Medical Association has called "the most healthful spot in the world." For fifty-seven years a St. Petersburg newspaper has offered a free copy to all comers on days that are sunless up to press time. They have to make good on the offer about five days a year.

Villa colonies like the Bahama Shores, ten minutes from St. Petersburg, offer double rooms for $11 a day, a one-room apartment for $12. You can rent an entire villa, which sleeps five, for $28 a day. The most informal hideaway that has come to my attention is Cabbage Key, an island inn near Boca Grande outside of Tampa which gets the writer-painter set, has room for no more than eighteen, charges $20 to $25 a day for two people, food included. The rates also include use of the small boats, three-times-a-week boat trips into Boca Grande, second helpings of sour cream pancakes, coffee before breakfast, and Friday night fish fries at the grill. Cabbage Key sits right between two of the best tarpon fishing grounds in the world, should you be so inclined,



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and there are two golf courses in Boca Grande, and another on Useppa Island, half a mile across the water.

If you come south by car over Route 1, the Maine to Key West highway, you'll pass through St. Augustine, the old Spanish city, where you can drink at the Fountain of Youth of which Ponce de Leon came in search in 1513. Black, horse-drawn hacks will take you to the museum of Marie Antoinette, and to the dank dungeons of Castle San Marcos begun by the Spaniards in 1672. If you care to have a look at 6,000 alligators under one roof, stop at the Alligator and Ostrich Farm at the city's edge.

Sixteen miles southward is Marineland, Fla., a city which has twenty-six registered voters, and 50,000 resident fish. The fish are contained in two giant tanks, not segregated but placed together as they would be in the open sea. You can see sharks, barracuda, and giant manta rays. You can watch the porpoises leap out of the water at feeding time. You can even watch a fish yawn. And when certain fish yawn other fish swim right into their mouths to eat the parasites that live on the roof of the big fishes' mouths. Well, that's what the man *told* me!

—HORACE SUTTON.

In January, when the average mean temperature in Detroit and Chicago, is 24.9, it is 70 in Key West. When the thermometer hovers around the 68 mark in Miami, it's a quivering 27.9 in Boston. While New Yorkers sit in a deep freeze that registers 30.9, in Palm Beach it's 66. And in Cleveland, where it gets colder than Lower Slobbovia, January averages 24.7. Meanwhile, in St. Petersburg, the air they're fanning is 64 degrees. In January last year Chicago hit a low of 17.9 and Miami hit a high of 76.4. Lem, you better go stoke the fire.

TRAVELERS' TALES

THE INVERTED MOUNTAINS. Edited by Roderick Peattie. New York: Vanguard. 1948. 400 *pp.* $5.

In case you were wondering, the inverted mountains are the canyons of the West, Grand, Bryce, and Zion. The inverted mountains are the product of erosion, but that doesn't prevent them from being included in this, one of the American Mountain Series. There are some personal accounts of travel in the canyons, and history, lots of history, dating all the way back to the meteor that weighed twelve million tons, that struck with a speed of 144,000 mph, and displaced 300 million tons of rock and earth some fifty thousand years ago. All this is by Weldon Heald, Edwin McKee, and Harold Colton, able chroniclers. Handsomely done up with a variety of photographs.

OPEN HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND. By Samuel Chamberlain. New York: Hastings House. 1948. 252 *pp.* $5.

A revised edition—the first in seven years—of Chamberlain's well-known picture book of the old homes of New England. The photographs are of interiors and exteriors, printed on fine, coated stock, and placed chronologically in the book. Every house pictured is open to the public during part of the year. A directory listing gives the salient information about public visits, and a two-page map charts the location of each of the houses pictured.

LET'S GO TO COLOMBIA. By Lyman and Ellen Judson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 332 *pp.* $4.

Bookwise, Latin America would seem a glutted market, yet this team, treating one country individually, has come up with a well-planned, excellently organized guide that seems assured of becoming the standard. The travel writer's dilemma is to decide when he is writing for the tourist and when he is writing for the armchair traveler. The Judsons have solved this problem by putting their personalized report in big type, and the tourist information in small type grouped at the end of each chapter. It's an enterprising arrangement. The authors are responsible, besides the detailed text, for the city plans (they are labeled "Judsonmaps"), and for the photographs. During their trip they also took color motion pictures which they will be glad to show any old time as part of a prepared lecture. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to hear that they also play for weddings, socials, and confirmations.

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The Film Forum

TRAVEL IN LATIN AMERICA

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

WINGS OVER LATIN AMERICA
Sponsored and produced by Pan-American Airways. Available from Association Films, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. In color. (40 mins.)

This bird's-eye view of Central and South American travel takes us to almost all the twenty-one republics and the islands of the Caribbean. We see the temples of Yucatan, the native dances of Guatemala, and the ancient Spanish cities of Panama. We ride with the plane southwards to Ecuador, thence to Peru and its famous Inca capital, Cuzco. This fascinating city, set high in the mountains, still shows us the narrow, winding streets the Indians built, and the solid zigzag walls with which they sought to protect themselves against the Spaniards.

Then on to Lake Titicaca, highest stretch of navigable water in the world, to Chile, Argentina, and its capital, Buenos Aires. We pause to watch the carnival season at Rio, then board the plane again for Dutch Guiana, and enter the Caribbean area through the Virgin Islands. In Haiti we climb the hills and stand among the ruins of the French palace built by Henri Christophe, Negro general and king; and we see the cliff-like fortress where he shut himself up to escape the revenge of his subjects. And so home by way of Jamaica and Cuba.

It would be pleasant to report that this long tour was filmed in dazzling color and narrated with zest and imagination. Unfortunately, however, the production is exceedingly amateurish, the color is either thin and washed out or harsh and exaggerated, and the commentary limps along, repeating what is already obvious on the screen. Nonetheless, this film is an encyclopedia of visual information about Latin America, and is worth seeing as a guide to out-of-the-way places which might otherwise be missed on a quick trip.

WINGS TO MEXICO AND GUATEMALA
Sponsored by Pan-American World Airways and produced by Hartley Films, New York. Availability: as above. In color. (30 mins.)

This film is both more ambitious and more restricted than "Wings Over Latin America." Confining itself to two countries only, it is able to give much more of the flavor of both of them, and it is produced with a thoroughly professional appreciation of the art of the color camera.

The first section of the film is narrated by a Mexican businessman whom the heroine encounters aboard her Pan-American plane as she travels southward. There is quite a feeling of reality about it, and we see not only the obvious attractions of Mexico City, the canals, the Spanish dancing, the bullfights, and the modern buildings, but something also of the life of the people as it is lived in the country districts. A refreshing novelty in a travelogue is the use of direct sound to capture the voices, songs, and music of the country, as in a sequence where the camera interviews an archeologist supervising the excavation of one of the great Inca temples.

The Guatemalan section of the film is much less satisfactory, for the heroine, a glittering blonde, takes up the narration, which abounds in such remarks as, "I was fascinated by the tremendous loads the women carry on their heads." If there is no appreciation of the harsh economic realities of Guatemalan life (FILM FORUM, Jan. 8, 1949), the camera at least manages to capture the life of the marketplace, the mock heroic dances representing the Spanish conquest, and the magnificent mountain landscapes.

The color is remarkably brilliant and satisfying, and the film is in every way technically excellent.

THE BRIDGE
Sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association and produced by Willard Van Dyke and Ben Maddow for Documentary Film Associates. Available from New York University Film Library. (27 mins.)

A useful corrective to the optimism of the travelogue is this appraisal of Latin-American industry and life. The first few minutes of the film are dated by wartime references, but the remainder gives a fine sweeping sense of what makes the Latin American economy go round—the great natural riches supplying primary industries insufficiently balanced by consumer manufactures, and the vast untapped reservoir of demand among peasants and workers who are today too poor to buy. There is a moving sequence of life in a village, with its drudgery and malnutrition, and the film ends with a survey of some of the continent's new industrial developments, the progress on the Pan-American Highway, and the bridge of the air which will one day link even more effectively the North with the South.

Other films of interest are "Belo Horizonte" (sponsored by the Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs and available from Associated Films), which describes Brazil's planned provincial capital city, and the rich mineral area which surrounds it. Also "Bolivia" (International Film Foundation, 1600 Broadway, New York, N. Y.) with its interesting account of life on the Altiplano, the 15,000-foot plateau where much of the country's silver and tin are mined.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
ERNA SACK sings Popular Favorites. Erna Sack, asst. orchs. Mercury DM 30 (3 10″)	Czech import. Most of this is excellent, widish-range postwar recording. Voice a bit blasty sometimes.	(*See below*) Nice German schmaltz, with (quite incidentally) some world's altitude records. Ingratiatingly musical.
HINDEMITH, QUARTET IN E FLAT (1943). Budapest Quartet. Columbia MM 797 (3)	Wide-range string recording, a bit close-miked but with enough resonance to sound well. Lots of bite.	Hindemith's best is in music like this. A fluent, expressive work, uncompromisingly contrapuntal, Germanic, masterfully built.
SCHUMANN, SYMPHONIC ETUDES. Alexander Brailowsky, piano. RCA Victor DM 1272 (3)	Typically big concert-hall Victor piano, brilliant, weak in bass, live. Surface noise intrudes; hissy.	A somewhat Chopinesque performance, brilliant, cold. Wrong temperament for Schumann, I'd say.
LISZT, SONATA IN B MINOR. Gyorgy Sandor, piano. Columbia MM 786 (3) (*Also on LP*)	Heavier, closer, deader piano than Victor's; sharper highs, more bass. LP version on plastic avoids much low-level hiss.	One of finest Liszt works, plenty of fireworks but all integral, meaningful. Its long span is much easier to take on LP.
VIVALDI - BACH - LEV, CONCERTO GROSSO IN D MINOR. JOH. ERNST BACH, FANT. AND FUGUE. Ray Lev, piano. Concert Hall AH (2 pl.) (*General release*)	Good, big-sounding piano, slightly percussive in the treble. Quiet vinylite aids greatly.	Piano version of Bach's organ version of Vivaldi—forthright, big, pianistic. Purists avoid, others'll love it. J. E. Bach (cousin) an interesting semi-Mozartish piece, worth having.
DELIUS, VIOLIN SONATA #1. Louis Kaufman; T. Saidenberg, piano. Concert Hall AO (2 pl.) (*General release*)	Gross imbalance betw. over-close violin, distant piano—but the piano in this music is not too important.	Long, lush, plush violin song. Nice melodic ideas, juicy harmony! D. is less sticky here than in big orchestral works.
MENDELSSOHN, MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM MUSIC. NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor DM 1280 (4)	Unlike earlier Toscaninis, this is almost too live. Lacks roundness and presence of best current recording; somewhat flat, shrill. Much very low level—scratch intrudes.	A decisive reading of familiar music, surprisingly relaxed but unsentimental. Some would like it more unbuttoned. Unexpected women's voices in finale, à la Gilbert & Sullivan.

SACK

THE Erna Sack album, if you are philosophic, can lead to some fine pipe-smoking speculation as to the meaning of music. Sack is an ingratiating singer of the schmaltzy, sentimental kind of German popular music, with a nicely projected personality, an accurate, musical voice. It seems almost an accident, then, that every so often she moves up casually into the piccolo range and sings tones of such incredible height that perhaps the world has never before heard them, vocally. She hits C above high C. She warbles unconcernedly through the entire octave above what is the normal peak of most soprano screechings. But sometimes she doesn't bother. She just sings low.

And that, it would seem, is a healthy attitude. Vocal altitude-making is a strange business, anyway. To do it with drama one must at least give a show of hard work; Sack is so casual that half the time you aren't even aware of the dizzy heights! Reaction to these records will be triple-take: (1) casual appreciation; (2) discovery, utter astonishment; (3) relief—that ninety per cent of the stuff is just plain music, low altitude.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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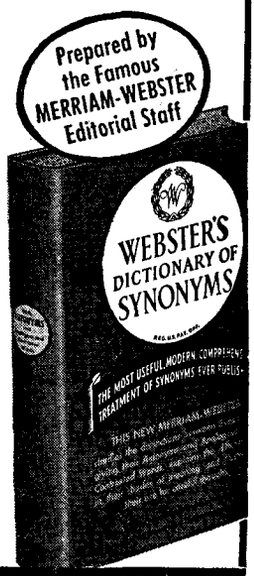

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the Phoenix Nest

DR. SHAW, THE LAST MANICHEE

WHOM should I encounter but my old friend Dr. Shaw,
Nuzzling a gobbet of hogsflesh in a boozing-ken?
Vouchsafing a grisly coup d'oeil of his stalagmitic maw,
He hallooed over four tables his message of ill will to men.

Ormuzd and Ahriman
Are my adoration;
Turnabout and turnabout
They rule all creation.

Though they are twin-born,
Equal, coeval,
Ormuzd is all good,
Ahriman, evil.

Thus says the Manichee,
Thus runs the fable:
Ormuzd is bright light,
Ahriman, sable.

Turnabout, turnabout,
Says Zoroaster,
Good is our king, then
Evil is master.

Now does our paradise
Seem an inferno?
Ormuzd is ousted; it's
Ahriman's turn oh!

Thus did the crapulous Dr. Shaw, the last Manichee,
Sound the sackbut for the reign of evil and the heavenly duello;
Cock-a-hoop, merry, indeed, as a grig, and by no means panicky,
He sank his fangs blithely in a kickshaw of orange jello.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

* * *

John Bunker of Cincinnati reminds me that Louis Muñoz Marin, the new Governor of Puerto Rico, was one of the late Thomas Walsh's numerous young Latin-American friends, and was at one time married to Muna Lee the American poet. The poetry of Thomas Walsh has of late fallen into neglect. John Bunker wrote a memoir for his "Selected Poems" and his good friends Dr. Edward L. Keyes and Michael Williams, editor of *The Commonweal*, attached their appreciations of him to the end of the volume. All bring the genial man to mind, and I am proud that as a cub-editor on the old *Century Magazine* I was instrumental in having several of his long poems on the Spanish painters printed in that periodical. These poems will be found in section two of his book (Dial Press, 1930) under the title of "The Spanish Masters (Dramatic Pieces)." As Browning in monologue celebrated the Italian painters of the Renaissance, so Walsh in dramatic dialogue presented vividly to us El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo, and Goya, and his narrative of Frei Egidio of Coïmbra should be in every anthology of Roman Catholic verse. His mind combined the classic and the romantic. He was a man of innocent heart and twinkling spirit. He loved good talk and food and wine. He looked very Irish, with somehow a touch of the Iberian, and loved old Spain. I still miss him as one of the pleasantest companions I have ever known. . . .

Melville Cane writes me to answer, at least in part, the appeal of Mrs. Earle Buckingham (NEST Nov. 27, 1948):

> "The Poems of H. C. Bunner" were published in one volume by Scribner in 1887, after Bunner's death. The selection was made by Brander Matthews from earlier volumes, "Airs from Arcady" (1884) and "Rowen" (1892), and from "Ballads of the Town," being contributions to *Puck*. The verses about which Mrs. Buckingham inquires are not included, possibly since Professor Matthews may have felt them to be out of keeping with the more serious poems. Of course that's only my guess.

* * *

FORECAST

Inauguration weather
Is notoriously screwy,
But one thing is certain:
It won't be Dewey.

—J. NORMAN MCKENZIE.

* * *

Ever since I read "Martin Fierro" by José Hernandez, the story of the Gaucho in verse, I have been interested in the men of the bolas, and consequently took to a recent brochure "The Cult of the Gaucho and the Creation of Literature" by Edward Larocque Tinker, reprinted from the proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., for October 1947. Mr. Tinker mentions Hernandez but says also that the most perfect portrait of the gaucho in prose is by Richardo Guiraldes (1886-1927): his "Don Segundo Sombra," which Mr. Tinker calls "a lovely and sensitive work of art that has been accepted as a national classic." Long life to the South American cowboy!

Poetry Awards will dispense $3,000 annually to poets in the English-speaking countries during 1949. Its judges are: Louise Townsend Nicholl, Stanton A. Coblentz, Hermann Hagedorn, Robert Hillyer, David Morton, Robert Nathan, A. M. Sullivan, and John Hall Wheelock. Its offices are 1420 East Mountain St., Pasadena 7, Calif. Address Joseph Joel Keith, managing editor. . . . At Columbia the course "A Poetry Workshop", conducted by Henry W. Wells begins the first week in February. It aims to increase the skill of its members in writing verse and to advance their understanding of the art of poetry. There will be ten Friday evening meetings, registration will be limited to twenty-five persons, and the fee will be $25. The course is offered by the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Columbia University. Prof. John H. H. Lyon's course in Shakespeare is also so sponsored. The fee for this is $15.

* * *

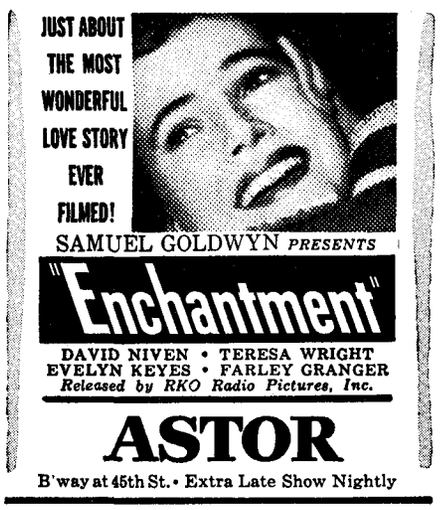
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

There'll be peaches and cream and pie in the sky
When everyone learns to quantify.

The bloom on the rose, the gleam of the mystic,
Are clearly reducible to a statistic.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 772)
EUGENE FIELD:
SHARPS AND FLATS
(Extinct Monsters)

If I'd been almost anything
But a poet I might have got along;
Those extinct monsters of hoof and clay
. . . . . .
Pause and ponder; who could write
A triolet or roundelay
While a Megatherium yawped all night,
And a Hesperornis yawped all day?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There is no pain, there is no pleasure,
If it remains immune to measure.

To horse, Quixote, inveterate galloper,
Full armed with slide-rule, counters, and caliper!

When morals are mores, and virtues are habits,
We'll all be as happy as robots or rabbits.

—LEON CARNOVSKY.

* * *

Some books which the *SRL* will not have room to review, but which deserve a word: "Ten Victorian Poets," studies of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Clough, Coventry Patmore, D. G. Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, and Hardy, by F. L. Lucas, a third edition of a book first published eight years ago, being talks originally given over BBC, in England. Worth your while if it comes your way. "Browning's Essay on Chatterton," edited with introductory chapters and notes by Donald Smalley and published by the Harvard University Press. This newly discovered original essay by Browning throws light upon the method of his later dramatic monologues, as well as being an idiosyncratically argued defense of the marvelous boy of Bristol. "Harold of England" (The Fine Editions Press, New York), an historical drama in blank verse by the head of the architectural department of the Carnegie School of Technology in Pittsburgh, who earlier wrote "The Maid of Orleans." Chiefly interesting for its treatment of history. "Lord Byron's First Pilgrimage" (1809-1811), by William A. Borst (Yale University Press). A scholarly review of the two years that Byron devoted to travel in Portugal and Spain, Malta, Albania, Greece, and the Near East. The fruit of copious research and a good reference volume. "New Poets: 1948," an anthology of poets whose work has not been published in book form (The Decker Press, Prairie City, Ill.). The book has been in preparation since 1946, and is a showcase of minor poetic talent. "Through Life's Prisms," by Katharine Buoy Keeney (Metropolitan Press, Portland, Ore.). Quietly dignified verses, many of which have appeared in the smaller magazines. "The Shimmering Disk," by Martha Salonen (The Wings Press, P. O. Box 332, Mill Valley, Calif.). Miss Salonen's poems do not make a very distinct impress upon my mind, but she writes the sonnet simply yet with grace, and an occasional lyric, with the same simplicity.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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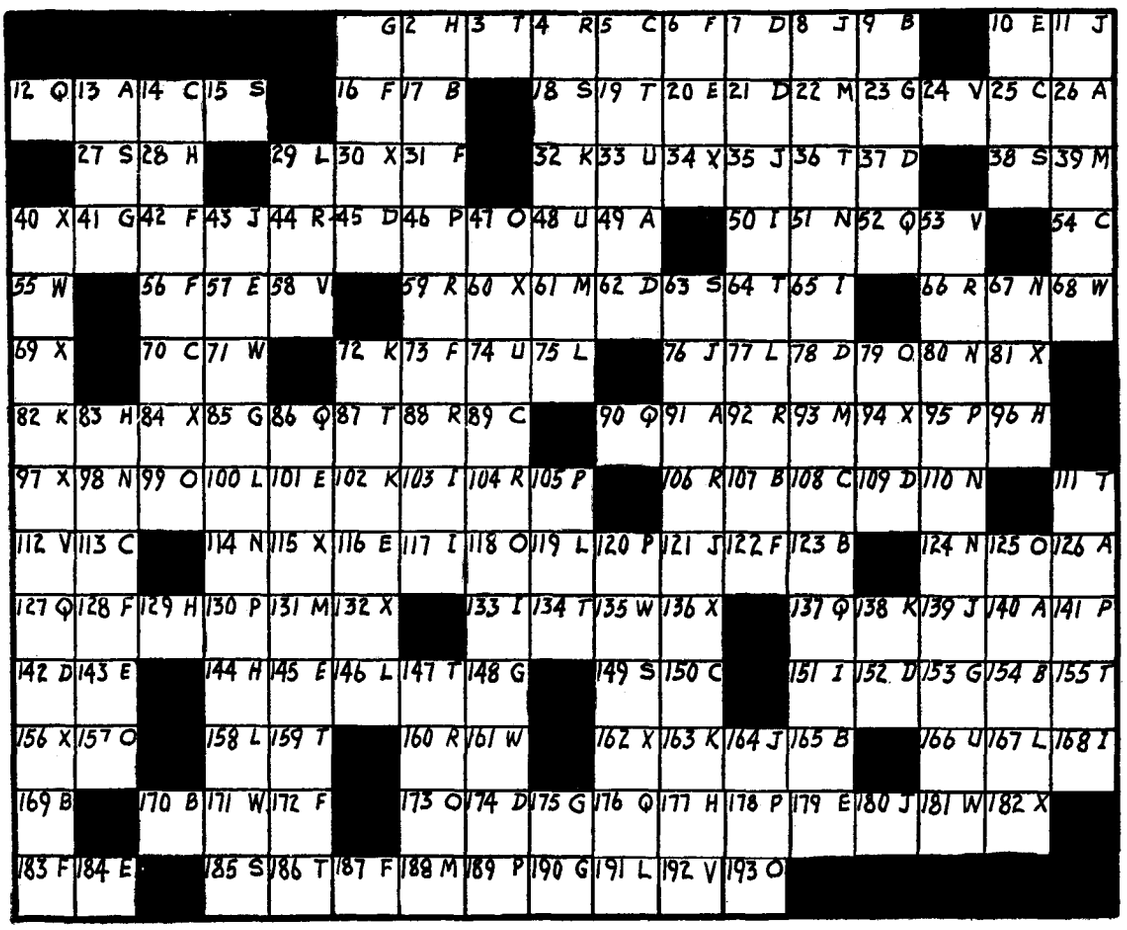
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Musical quality.	140 91 49 13 26 126
B. Longfellow's brother-in-law, essayist and poet.	107 165 154 9 123 170 17 169
C. A braggart, hero in "Orlando Furioso" (var. sp.).	14 54 113 150 108 70 89 5 25
D. Cheese made in French town of same name.	152 109 78 7 45 174 21 62 37 142
E. Seasonable; timely.	145 101 116 10 20 179 57 184 143
F. Louis XIV's nickname, from his chosen emblem.	42 172 187 56 183 16 73 128 31 6 122
G. Cripples.	148 175 153 23 1 190 41 85
H. Pacific islands of which Tahiti is largest.	96 83 144 177 2 129 28
I. Of persons, tall and graceful.	168 151 103 50 117 133 65
J. King Arthur's sword ("Idylls of the King").	164 11 76 139 43 180 121 8 35
K. Emanation.	163 32 82 72 102 138
L. At your service; wholly yours (Fr.; 3 wds.).	29 100 158 75 77 191 167 146 119
M. American historian, Columbia Univ. (1890-; Pulitzer prizes in Biography, 1933, 1937).	61 131 22 93 39 188
N. Suppression of a vowel for the sake of meter or euphony.	80 124 114 110 51 67 98
O. Lays down as a postulate.	118 47 173 99 125 79 157 193
P. A violent, irascible person.	178 141 120 46 95 130 105 189
Q. Courteous and amiable in response to another's address.	127 52 12 86 90 176 137
R. Manufacturing city in Switzerland on lake of same name.	106 88 4 59 66 104 160 44 92
S. Undetermined; equivocal.	15 18 27 38 185 63 149
T. Russian Communist leader and writer (1875-1933).	147 186 19 111 36 134 3 64 159 87 155
U. Slayer of his cousin, Castor (Gr. myth.).	33 166 48 74
V. American playwright (1894-; Pulitzer prize, 1927).	24 58 192 53 112
W. American woman sculptor (1887-; "Heads and Tales").	171 161 55 71 68 135 181
X. English title of popular French novel by Dumas pere (with "The").	136 30 84 182 34 115 97 81 162 69 40 60 94 156 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the columns headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the columns headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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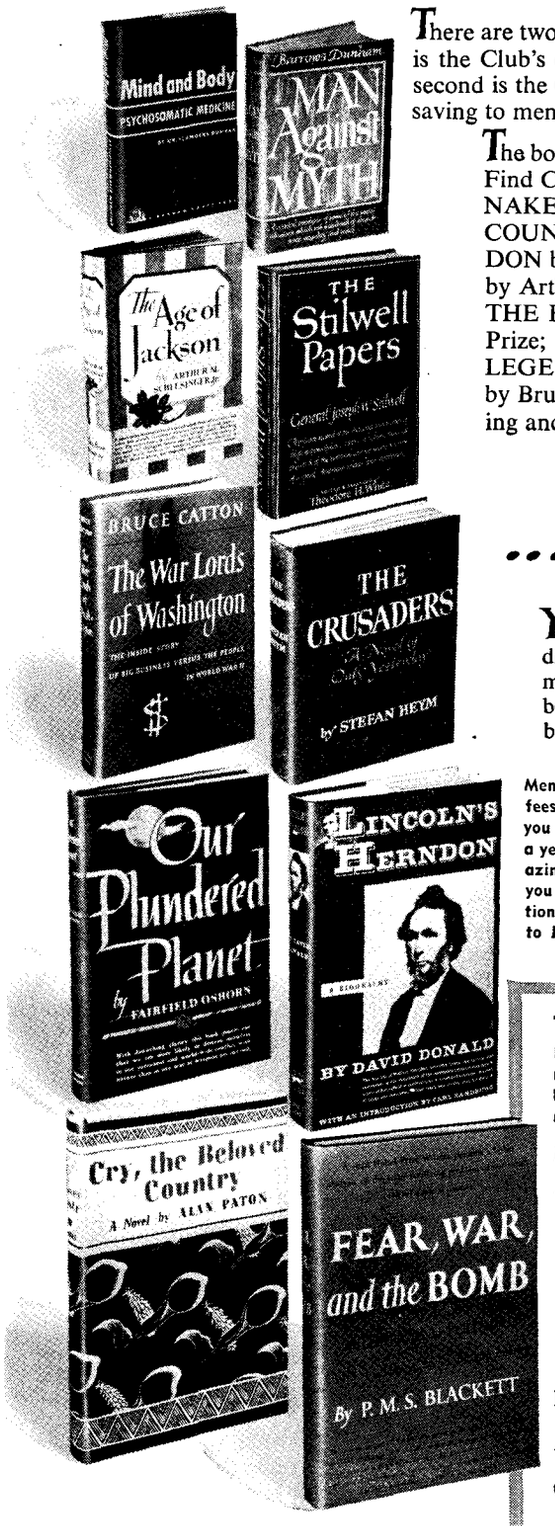

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